

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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A USEFUL HERO.

THIS evening my seat is beneath a generous elm, whose branches spread far around and cast cool shadows over many olden graves, between which one can scarcely step, they lie so thick together, while time has marked them by hollows in the ground instead of the mounds we see in newer burial places.

This is the oldest grave-yard in the State of Kentucky, and the spot is hallowed by the dust of those hardy pioneers who sleep here—those brave men and women who fearlessly met and conquered the privations and hardships, such as a new and uncivilized country alone can produce.

Some of the headstones—coarse, unpolished slabs they are about me—bear the date 1800, while many of the older graves have no tablet, beyond the rough limestone rock which is common to the locality, and which slabs were placed in position long before the engraver's art was practiced here.

A few of these stones are roughly hewn out in the shape of coffins, and look strangely weird amid the dank grass and weeds. This graveyard is situated on an eminence, and from my position I can overlook a pretty village, partly in valley and partly on hill, and beyond this a lovely stretch of green fields, and darker spots of wooded land, while here and there ample white country homesteads gleam in the sunlight, making one of those attractive landscapes for which the bluegrass region of Kentucky is so justly celebrated.

Looking over this peaceful scene, it recalls the widely contrasting panorama which would have greeted the observer one hundred years ago.

Then this entire country was almost an unbroken wilderness, inhabited by various wild

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animals and roving bands of Indians, even more savage and dangerous to encounter.

A few rude log cabins and small patches of clearing exhibited the first and only traces of civilization, while just a few yards north of my present seat, a crude fort, built of heavy, un-



THE OLDEST CEMETERY IN KENTUCKY.

hewn timbers, gave protection to the small band of courageous adventurers who had invaded this wilderness to win from Nature's own bosom the nourishment she is ever ready to give the industrious and persevering.

This fort was most essential to the colonists, who were in constant danger of being attacked and butchered by the stealthy foe, who regarded this innovation of their extensive and prolific hunting grounds with a disfavor that certainly possessed the merit of justice.

In 1777—there's not always luck in odd numbers—the Indians became so aggressive

and collected in such formidable bands in the vicinity, that the settlers were forced to abandon their log huts and take refuge in the fort, powerless to interfere while the Indians burned their dwellings and destroyed their crops literally before their eyes.

During this season the enemy continued so persistently to lurk around that no more corn could be raised, as an attempt to cultivate it made a voluntary and sure target of one's self for some savage marksman hidden in an adjacent thicket or cane-brake.

Owing to this fact, and also to the remoteness of the place from any other civilized point, provisions grew alarmingly scarce with the brave little band, and starvation began to assume a very definite and threatening shape. The situation was certainly not an enviable one, thus surrounded by a vindictive foe, who only awaited a fitting opportunity in which to wreak his vengeance on any who should venture beyond the protecting shelter of the fort, while provisions rapidly diminished with each day that came, bringing no chance of replenishment.

Among the little colony at the fort was a bright, sturdy youth, scarcely seventeen years of age; but who was already well versed in the hardships and perils incident to frontier life, having seen and known but little else from infancy.

The constant out-door life and healthful physical exercise to which he had been subjected had given him an exceedingly robust constitution, while ample practice made his aim with the rifle almost unerring, and gave to his foot the fleetness of a deer.

Thanks to this latter accomplishment, he saved his life on more than one occasion. Once, when quite a distance from the fort, he and several others were attacked by a party of Indians, who captured and killed all the rest, and gave him hot pursuit back to the fort; but without avail, as his fleetness surpassed even that of their own warriors, much to their surprise and chagrin thus to be outdone by a mere stripling.

It was this youth, who one day announced his intention of quitting the fort in quest of game with which to replenish the scanty larder.

His proposition met with universal disapprobation, and decided opposition on the part of his mother, who regarded such an adventure as certain death, and consequently was far from willing that her son should make this sacrifice.

The young lad was equally sure, however, that he could avoid all danger, and accomplish his mission successfully, and insisted on making the attempt at any rate, strengthening his argument with the fact that if some effort was not made the entire party at the fort might in the end be overcome by starvation, therefore it was better that one life should be risked, in order to prevent this, than that all should perish.

At the north side of the hill, on which the fort stood, was a splendid spring of never-failing water that seemed to bubble from ice caverns, it was so cold and sparkling; and this spring was connected with the fort by a long, covered passage, so as to protect those who brought water to the fort, and also to prevent this very necessary element from being cut off in time of siege.

The surplus water from the spring flowed into a small creek that ran along the base of the hill and wound in and out among an extensive cane-brake on each side, until it finally reached a larger stream now known as Salt River, not from any briny quality in the water, but from some salt springs on its banks where salt was formerly made by the early settlers.

Long before daybreak, while silence and slumber still hung over the earth, young Ray went down to the spring, and, getting through a portion of the palisade, which was movable from the interior, he proceeded to wade down the shallow creek, using all necessary precaution to leave no trace of his trail.

The stream was followed for a considerable distance before he ventured to plunge into the pathless, wooded belts, almost impenetrable with the rank undergrowth of this prolific land.

When at a sufficiently remote distance from the fort, he easily succeeded in bagging a quantity of small game infesting these wilds. He hunted from point to point, remaining in each spot but a brief time lest he should be discovered. After securing as much game as he could conveniently carry, he secreted himself until nightfall, then returned to the fort by an equally circuitous route.

It is scarcely necessary to state that he was most heartily welcomed by the little company, not only on account of the fresh supply of food, but more on his safe return; for they had been distrustful of the success of such adventure, and were fearful of the tragic consequences that might arise from the effort.

After this he frequently made such excursions, and as he grew emboldened by repeated success, even took with him an old horse, which was the last that had been left to the little colony of those they had ridden from Virginia across the mountains which lie between the two States.

Ray would ride cautiously along the beds of the different shallow streams, sometimes to a distance of several miles, after larger game, which he would place upon the back of his submissive and faithful companion, while he led the way on foot once more to the fort.

By this means the little band were kept in provisions until communication could be opened with other stations and necessary supplies obtained.

Some others, in attempting similar exploits, met with violent deaths at the hand of the lurking savages.

On one occasion, after several hours of unsuccessful search, Ray's perseverance was at length rewarded by the sight of a graceful deer, timidly advancing through the dense underbrush, and finally pausing at the brink of a beautiful spring, such as are to be found in numbers in this portion of the country.

Young Ray crept stealthily forward until a more favorable position was attained, and raising his gun with an accuracy of aim that rarely failed, was just about to fire, when the loud and unexpected report of a rifle from another point, thickly screened from his sight by underbrush, startled and greatly astonished him, while the young deer leaped spasmodically into the air, and dropped dead at the brink of the water.

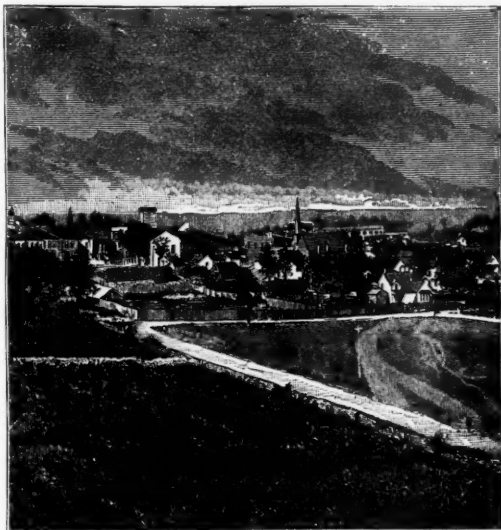
Ray immediately lowered his weapon, and looking cautiously forth, saw the clump of bushes suddenly become animated, as a powerful and athletic Indian emerged from their shelter and approached his prey, lying bathed in its own warm life's blood.

In an instant the thought flashed into Ray's mind that with one true shot he might yet possess the coveted game, and as the unsuspecting savage bent down over his game, Ray once more raised his rifle to his shoulder; but before his purpose could be carried into execution, a slight rustling was heard among the

bushes, and two stalwart Indians joined their companion, while Ray wisely concluded to turn his steps to less frequented hunting-grounds.

A few years later Ray took part in a literal race for life, even more exciting than the first one mentioned. He and a companion started out from the fort one morning for an objective point something over a mile away.

They were armed only with hunting-knives



HARRODSBURG.

and axes, and, although observing the usual precautions necessary to those times, they did not anticipate any present danger, as no Indians had been seen in the neighborhood for the past week or two, and no hostilities were threatened.

Almost at the end of their destination, the sudden, sharp crack of a rifle rang out on the quiet morning air, and Ray's companion sank down in death at his very side, while a little puff of smoke from some bushes near proclaimed the hidden savage foe.

There was another sharp report, and the bullet whistled unpleasantly near Ray, while closely following this a small party of Indians sprang out from among the bushes.

Ray gave a swift glance at his companion, and seeing that he no longer needed human help quickly looked to his own safety.

Two of the Indians endeavored to cut off his retreat to the fort, while the others closely pursued his swift flying figure.

Ray, knowing that his axe was merely an impediment to his flight and useless in the present emergency, flung it aside, and redoubled his speed when he saw the effort that was made to intercept him.

On they sped, over the rough, unbroken ground, through cane-brake and dense undergrowth that seemed to reach out and strive to arrest them. Ray heard the snapping of the twigs and branches close behind him, yet dared not glance back, lest in that brief while a moment might be lost to him or gained to them.

Every nerve and sinew was strung to its utmost tension. Even the closely-pursuing savages gave utterance to no sound, save their hard breathing, as they bent every effort toward overtaking their prey.

One, as he ran, loosened his tomahawk from his belt, and hurled it with an aim that was shudderingly near its intended mark.

A small thicket yet lay between Ray and the clearing around the fort. If he could only manage to reach this open space his chances for deliverance were almost certain, as those within the fort must see him and open its gate. His pursuers also recognized this fact, and renewed their failing energies, while Ray nerved himself to almost superhuman effort, and ran as one who held his life in his hands. Surely, when he had thus far escaped his foes, it was not meant that he should be overtaken and slain almost on the threshold of delivery.

He plunged into the thicket, closely followed by one of the braves, who had distanced the others, and was slowly gaining on his intended victim.

As Ray dashed on the scraggy bushes lacerated his sun-browned face and hands. Just as he reached the further edge of the thicket a low-trailing, wild vine, stretching across the way, tripped him. He staggered forward, and would have fallen had he not seized a friendly sapling and so retained his footing.

Brief though the pause was, it enabled his pursuer to shorten the slight distance between them, and as Ray sprang forward he knew that a crisis was at hand, and almost felt that the next moment the fatal stone hatchet would be buried in his brain.

Doubtless such would have been the tragic sequel, had not the same vine caught the moccasin of his pursuer and thrown him heavily to earth almost on the heels of Ray, who heard the dull thud as his enemy struck the ground, and without looking back thankfully divined its cause.

With a glad shout he sprang into the clearing and ran toward the barricaded gate of the fort.

The inmates saw him, and started to open the gate; then seeing the Indians in close pursuit, and not knowing their number, they feared to do so, and called to Ray to throw himself on the ground behind a small stump near the palisade, while they opened fire on the dusky forms flitting among the bushes, but not daring to come out into the cleared space. They meant yet to have their victim, if possible, and from their ambuscade fired now and then at Ray's prostrate form, sometimes hitting the stump, and sometimes plowing up the ground around him.

At length, weary of being an unwilling target and seeing no prospects of a speedy deliverance, he called out to those within the fort to dig under the wall and rescue him from his dangerous and peculiar situation. The suggestion was seized upon with alacrity and actually carried out, much to the relief of Ray and those within the fort.

Many of Ray's adventures were quite as thrilling as any of the possible ones narrated in yellow-back fiction, and which they oftentimes resembled in their intensity of action, while, with that unaccountable preservation by which some lives seem shielded in the most perilous of adventures, he escaped unharmed time after time from the great and imminent dangers that beset him, living to an advanced and honored old age, and beholding the fruits of his perseverance and undaunted energy, in connection with those of his compeers, mature and ripen into a prosperous and progressive new world.

In the later years of his eventful life, when manhood was fully attained, he became more widely known as General James Ray, one of the bravest and most intrepid pioneers in the annals of Kentucky history.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

SERVICE ON THE CAROLINA COAST.

AFTER the repulses of the Federals in Florida in the spring of 1864, Company A, Eighteenth Battalion, S. C. V., of which the writer was a member, was ordered to the coast of South Carolina, and stationed on the point of land between the Ashepoo and Combahee rivers. Here our duty consisted of almost perpetual picket down on the point and along some exposed positions on the two rivers. This department had been drained of men to reinforce the Virginia army, and the few that had to be kept here were all the time upon constant duty. So necessarily scattered were men, that it was most difficult for a respectable force to be concentrated at any one point without leaving some others critically exposed. So fully did our men realize this fact that it was a constant source of surprise that the Federals did not push forward heavy forces simultaneously from Port Royal and James Island and attempt to take Charleston from the rear. Sudden movements of this kind, made with forces of eight thousand or ten thousand men each, could not probably have been defeated. As it was, there was but little offensive demonstration until the end of the fall, after Sherman had burned Atlanta and commenced his march to Savannah. While this particular portion of the coast had not yet actually been raided by the enemy, most of the rice plantations were deserted; but a few were still being cultivated by their owners. The effluvia from these low lands and swamps made this one of the most unhealthy parts of the country, so that we had not been here many weeks before malaria began to show its baneful influence. Quinine, as a regular tonic, was placed by its price of sixty dollars per ounce out of the reach of most of the men; as the pay of a private artilleryman was only thirteen dollars per month, all of it would have been required to secure him a tonic of only three grains per day. The result was that, out of seventy men on the company roll, all except two frequently had attacks of fever, and of these several died. At one time there were only thirty men fit for duty. It is almost needless to say that the duties that the well men had to perform were most arduous and incessant.

The men were badly clothed, and a few of them had no shoes, and had to go about barefooted, with their feet often sore and bruised. The supplies of the Confederate Government

were at a low ebb at this time. The main efforts seemed to be directed toward the support of the Virginia army, while the men on the coast were expected to get along on the least possible allowances of clothing and food. If this was really the case, it may have been the more prudent management; but we could not take this view of it at that time, and felt our privations seriously. During the summer of 1864, our rations consisted, for most of the time, of only one pint of corn-meal and a gill of sorghum syrup daily, and half a plug of chewing tobacco every Saturday. This tobacco was exchanged, by many of the men, with the negroes for potatoes and other vegetables. For a period of over two months the men on picket duty at Mr. Burnett's plantation and Combahee Point did not receive any meat whatever from the Government, but had only what fish they could catch, an alligator that would be occasionally shot in the rice-fields or swamps, or, perhaps, a piece of fresh beef when a calf could be secretly shot in the woods.

Army life on the Carolina coast at this time carried with it more hardships and privations than has been usually supposed. While there was but little actual fighting until toward the end of the year, except immediately around Charleston, the guard and picket duties were excessive and the privations very great. And, as all old soldiers know, mere fighting is the least objectionable and least trying of a soldier's duties. Occasionally, during the last two years of the war, commands in Virginia would be relieved, as it was termed, and sent down to do duty on the coast. And we have often heard these men yearn to get back, as they always said that here the privations were greater and the duties more irksome than those to which they had been accustomed in Virginia. Poor and scanty food, an unhealthy climate, and incessant picket duty soon gave them enough of coast service.

Late in the fall, just after the fall of Atlanta, it became evident that the Federals intended some movement, from their base at Port Royal, against the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railway. This was probably intended as a diversion in favor of Sherman, so as to compel the concentration of all the available Confederate troops to protect this southern line of communication with Charleston. In consequence all the troops that could be spared, the

writer's own company among them, were concentrated in the neighborhood of Grahamville and Coosawhatchie; and to these Confederate troops were added a brigade of Georgia reserves, and the battalion of South Carolina Citadel Cadets. On the 30th November, the Federals, about four thousand in number, under Generals Hatch and Potter, advanced against our forces, that comprised, all told, about two thousand men, under the command of General Gustavus Smith. The center of our line and our artillery were behind some very inferior earthworks thrown up across Honey Hill; the right, consisting only of infantry, extended unprotected into a pine land, while the left, also of infantry and also unprotected, reached to the edge of the swamp. The enemy, being compelled to turn a sharp angle in the road, came suddenly in front of our breastworks before they apparently were aware of our proximity. Our artillery instantly cracked their shells directly among them, which threw their column into some confusion. They soon recovered themselves, and spread out into a line of battle facing our own, as usual, putting the four regiments of negro troops in the front. They then charged at our entire line, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Again and again the assault was renewed, but each time without making our men flinch. They made several attempts to break through our left, and also to turn our flank by getting through the swamp, but were driven back under a withering fire both from the artillery and infantry. Finally they gave up the fight and retired the way they came, having suffered a loss of about five hundred men, killed, wounded, and captured. The Confederate loss was fifty killed and wounded, with none captured, as we had held our entire line.

A few days afterward they renewed their advance more methodically in the neighborhood of Coosawhatchie, and succeeded in establishing some lines of intrenchments and batteries of artillery within long range of the railway; and from these latter they fired at every passing train. On the morning of the 9th December the Federals threw forward a strong force of skirmishers, who kept our men more or less actively engaged until the afternoon, when the main force advanced and the engagement became general. Their principal effort seemed to be to capture the trestle across Tulifinny cut, toward the right of our line, and here the severest fighting occurred. During two hours the enemy again and again assaulted our line, and were assaulted in turn by

our men, who charged out of their breastworks at them. But they never could get a foothold; and finally, toward dark, retired to their intrenchments. The Federals were commanded by General Hatch, and had about four thousand five hundred men; and the Confederates were commanded by General L. H. Gartrell, and numbered two thousand five hundred. The enemy lost seven hundred men killed, wounded, and captured, and the Confederates eighty. In this action the right of our line was held by the battalion of South Carolina Citadel Cadets, all young lads, who acted in a manner becoming veteran soldiers. In both of these engagements the Federals lost about ten men to every one of ours; and this proportionate excess can be accounted for only from the fact that our men were partially protected by breastworks, and were the assaulted, and never driven from their positions.

As the enemy had been checked in their efforts to cut the Charleston and Savannah Railway, and were observed to be massing troops on James Island, some of our troops, including the writer's company, were ordered to this island, where we arrived on the 1st of January, 1865. My company was reported to our proper battalion commander, Major Edward Manigault, our pieces of artillery taken from us, and we were armed with old-fashioned, ineffective Austrian rifles. We were now rejoined to the rest of our proper battalion, from which we had been detached for over a year. Major Manigault was one of the ablest officers of his rank in this department, and by his strict enforcement of discipline, particular attention to the minutest details of duty, and calm, personal courage had won the confidence of all the men under him. Our company was at once put forward on the outpost line, where we did incessant picket duty for about six weeks. Our camp was about half a mile in rear of the picket line, and at daylight on the morning of the 10th February the alarm was given that the enemy were moving in front of the lines, and evidently intended an attack. Those men not on duty at the time were instantly hurried forward. In a few minutes we reached the lines, and as we appeared in sight were met by a rapid shelling from some batteries in front and gun-boats in the Stone River. Our entire force consisted only of a portion of the Eighteenth Battalion, and a detachment from the Second Artillery, S. C. V., all numbering ninety men and seven officers. The Federals shelled our line until about 10 o'clock, A. M.,

when a regiment of skirmishers advanced from the woods on to the open marshy space in front. They approached, skirmishing to within two hundred yards of our men, but were met by a rapid fire, and soon retired, carrying off their few disabled. Our men, protected by slight breastworks, had sustained only a few casualties thus far.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we could see that preparations were being made for a serious assault, as large bodies of troops were being massed in our front. The attacking force was estimated at the time to number about two thousand men; and just after the war a Federal officer, who was one of this force, informed the writer that they had two white and two negro regiments, confirming our previous estimate of their number. As usual the negroes were in front, and forced to the attack by the whites behind. They came forward steadily at a run, and here and there along their line we could see a man drop, as he stopped one of our bullets. When the average of their line had got within about twenty paces of ours, and a few of their foremost men had actually reached our breastworks, it became evident that we could not hold our position. Up to this time not one of our men had flinched; and some had fixed their bayonets and braced themselves for a hand-to-hand struggle, when Major Manigault gave the order to fall back. The men at once jumped from behind the breastworks and retreated, loading, turning and firing as they did so. The Federals instantly poured in a volley of musketry, causing many casualties. They pursued us for about one hundred and fifty yards,

when, to our surprise, they suddenly halted, fearing an ambush, as was afterward learned. They did not believe that such a small force as ours had proved to be would have held out so stubbornly against over twenty times their number, if they had not strong support near at hand. But the fact was, we had no support at all, and the Federals could have pursued us safely for a mile or more.

The Federals held the ground from which our men had been driven until dark, when they retired to the protection of their batteries and gun-boats. As it happened to be a bright moonlight night, when objects could be observed at a good distance, we closely followed them up and reoccupied our lines within an hour after they had been evacuated. The next morning we picked up our dead. Of the ninety-seven men present in this action we lost thirty-nine, killed, wounded, and captured; and the same Federal officer, previously mentioned, told the writer afterward that the Federals had lost ninety men, killed and wounded—as many men as we had rifles. The assault was well led by General Schimmelpennin, who, only a week later, was in command of the evacuated city of Charleston.

During the rest of the week that we remained on James Island we had really no local habitation that could be called a camp. Marched around, on constant guard, from one exposed point to another, we were thankful whenever the commissary could find us to bring something to eat occasionally. On the 16th February, 1865, this coast service came to an end, and our course was directed toward North Carolina.

A. P. Ford.

ANTE-BELLUM CHARLESTON.

THIRD PAPER.

PERSONS who resided in Charleston between the year 1846 and the beginning of the great civil conflict, can not fail to recall the large book-store, with its ample entrance and handsome plate-glass windows, which stood upon the right-hand side of King Street, as one passed downward, not far from Wentworth Street toward the north, and Hazell toward the south.

Above the main door appeared in prominent gilt letters the name of JOHN RUSSELL. For

more than fifteen years this enterprising dealer in scientific and literary works—foreign and American—was justly considered, in his way, one of the "institutions" of Charleston.

Educated in the book-trade, he had mastered, at a comparatively early age, its requisitions and technicalities; he had risen from grade to grade in the service, and having finally acquired the needful capital, resolved to open an establishment of his own. This he did, and his "literary emporium," as he proudly called

it, became in time the *rendezvous* of all the *savants*, the professionals, and the *litterati* of the city.

Many of the fashionable people also—the young beaux and belles particularly—used to meet there, and a good deal of love-making, *a la mode*, was carried on, I fancy, in the quieter corners or under the convenient display of a mutual enthusiasm over new books and periodical engravings.

Entering the store upon a pleasant autumn or winter afternoon, we would certainly find it crowded. It might have soothed for a moment the misanthropy of a Timon, or even lightened the savage malignity of "Obadiah bind-their-kings-in-chains, and their Nobles-in-links-of-iron" (could that amiable sergeant of Ireton's regiment have been resuscitated), to have heard the animated chatter of the pretty maidens, or seen the sly flashes under dark lids launched here and there at bewildered but ecstatic admirers!

Apart from the *demoiselles* could be often observed, conversing perhaps with the proprietor himself, some matron of local celebrity for wit and culture, or even some literary lady, whose cleverness had been embodied in book-form, and had won for her a more than local recognition. Such, indeed, is the lively woman, "fair," and probably "forty," who, with an air of marked *espièglerie*, is at this moment disputing some proposition of Mr. Russell's, and laughing in a satirical, yet by no means inharmonious fashion. She is the daughter of the distinguished lawyer, James Louis Petigru, famous not merely for his legal attainments, but as being the most uncompromising *Unionist* in South Carolina.

Her fame as a society wit is high. She is likewise the author of a volume of sprightly sketches, entitled, "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman."

But if you wish, reader, to see the "*sanctum*" of Russell's—the place set apart for the casual assembling, at a later hour, of doctors of divinity, medicine, and law, of college professors, authors, and students, who may not yet have won their intellectual spurs—permit me to lead you past the counters and heavily-laden shelves to a rear section of the establishment, well provided with chairs and sofas, grouped, in cool weather, around a large, comfortable stove.

It is an evening, let us suppose, very late in October, but early in the 'Fifties, and to the cheerfulness of the gas-light above, is added

the genial glow of the moderate coke-fire below. As yet, we are alone in the "*sanctum*," but soon the front store is cleared of purchasers and gossips, and a different order of visitors begins to appear.

Let us note them heedfully.

Here approach, arm-in-arm, a couple of elderly gentlemen, one of a little more than medium height, with a jovial, rubicund face, distinguished by an expression of quizzical humor, an odd falsetto voice, and a rolling gait like a sailor's. He is no less a personage than the acute advocate and popular social companion, full of *bonhomie* and after-dinner *mots*, James L. Petigru, whose name was mentioned a few sentences back.

His associate, tall, dignified, haughty, with bold, prominent features, the express image of *ultimus Romanorum*, is the Honorable Alfred Huger, once the valued intimate of such men as Colonel William Washington, Hugh S. L'égare, and that Magnus Apollo of poetical elocution, William C. Preston.

They have come to procure a volume of Sydney Smith's "*Life*," and to settle upon his own authority the precise terms of one of his inimitable witticisms!

The glee with which Petigru finds the passage, points it out, and reads it aloud for his comrade's benefit, in support evidently of a previous opinion he himself had advanced, is wonderfully exhilarating.

And now groups of other persons saunter in. This large-bodied, beetle-browed old man, with the broad Scotch accent, is the Honorable Mitchell King, equally noted as an able scholar and sound lawyer; and just behind him come (earnestly conversing) two physicians, who are assuredly, in every conceivable matter of personal appearance, moral temperament, mental idiosyncrasy, and traits of manner, the antipodes of each other!

One—a great specialist—is of reserved and downcast look, as abrupt, sometimes, in speech as Abernethy, whom he seems to have taken for his model, and possessed of a voice hoarse and guttural as an Indian's. The other, frail, and almost attenuated in frame, his shoulders slightly bent, and his head too large for the slender figure supporting it, is a true chevalier in his unaffected grace and affability, and not only deeply read in his profession, but one among the most brilliant *general* scholars and artistic writers of his day. He is Samuel Henry Dickson, author of the subtly suggestive work upon "Life, Sleep, and Death," with innumera-

able briefer, but equally able essays on topics scientific, literary, philosophical, and social.*

Who is this portly ecclesiastic, in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, peering benevolently through his spectacles, and offering his enameled snuff-box (the gift of an illustrious Cardinal) in an absent, mechanical way, to all with whom he may converse?

The Rev. Father Lynch, subsequently Bishop Lynch, who is said to know the Greek scholiasts by heart, and who, were it absolutely necessary for the conversion of sinners, could make himself intelligible to them, regarding dogma and doctrine, in Hebrew and Syriac, if not in Sanskrit!

Another divine, of quite a different sect, passes his Roman Catholic Reverence, saluting him with a courteous bow. Here is a man worth studying. In physical appearance he seems the *beau idéal* of a student, somewhat spare and fragile of limb, his chest bowed slightly inward as if curved by long leaning over a desk, his eyes keen, vivid, and yet with an indefinably abstract expression, an introspective and soul-defining glance, profoundly searching and dissatisfied! "In the world, but not of it," is the impression he gives to all observers. An ethereal, yet passionate spirit, a heart that beats against the bars of circumstance and mortal environment, and ere long will beat itself to death; faithful, but, ah! too aspiring to be at peace in a sphere so mean and sordid as ours—the author of "Philosophic Theology"—a man of air and fire, James W. Miles. Evidently he has come here only to meet an acquaintance, the young German Professor yonder. See, they are going out together already. Doubtless they will be studying Kant or Fichte in company at the Professor's lodgings until cock-crow to-morrow morning.

Next, look at this party of young men who

*J. Dickson Bruns, equally well known as a physician and *littérateur*, was the namesake and the son-in-law of Dr. Dickson. He removed from Charleston just after the civil war, while still a young man, to New Orleans, where he acquired, or rather had confirmed a remarkable and deserved reputation for great brilliancy and versatility of talent. A successful optician and general practitioner, he possessed high scholastic attainments and literary force, combined with a fluency and eloquence of diction and argumentative power, which made him one of the most efficient of public speakers. His address to "The White League," during the terrible times of "Reconstruction" in Louisiana, is a wonderful combination of trenchant logic and passionate invective! Dr. Bruns died in 1883, in the flower of his manhood, usefulness, and fame.

approach, arguing a little noisily, three Charlestonians just returned from Göttingen, and *all* of them with unusual honors.

The dark-eyed, handsome young fellow with the long, flowing beard is Basil Gildersleeve, almost an "admirable Crichton," even at his early age, in the versatility of his *classical* attainments.* That short, stout, sanguine-complexioned comrade on his left, is likewise a singularly gifted and learned youth, prepared to uphold the ancestral genius and scholarship of his house; for he is the grandson and namesake of the distinguished historian, David Ramsay, while his mother was a Laurens.

The vigorous, fine-looking man slightly in the rear, with a certain lion-like poise of his noble head, is Samuel Lord, and his German

*Few classical scholars in the United States can now be ignorant of the fame of Gildersleeve. For years he filled with distinction the Chair of Ancient Languages in the fine old University of Virginia, and at present he is Professor of Greek in "Johns Hopkins University," Baltimore.

During the last two decades he has edited numerous editions of the classics, Latin and Greek, made invaluable by original commentaries. His latest performance is an edition of "*The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar*," issued by the Harpers, with an introductory essay, notes, and indexes.

David Ramsay I knew intimately from his boyhood. He was a singularly precocious lad, with many eccentricities of temperament and character.

When he was only twelve years old his school-master (an English scholar and graduate of Cambridge) declared that he rivaled De Quincey in the latter's early knowledge of Greek. The secession of South Carolina and the subsequent war were fatal to Ramsay, as to so many other aspiring and gifted young men. Though a pronounced *Unionist*, he joined the Confederate forces and held the rank of major at the battle of "Fort Wagner," where he fell mortally wounded.

Long before any war between the States was dreamed of, I and others have heard Ramsay say, with a gloomy confidence, in almost the precise words of the great Sir Richard Grenville, of Elizabeth's time, "I know, and know not *how* I know, that I shall *never die in my bed!*"

"What do you mean?" we would laughingly ask.

"I mean," he replied, "that my grandfather (the historian) was shot down upon the door-step of his own house by a maniac, a person whom he had never injured; that my uncle was shot in a duel, and that my body is a '*billet*' waiting for its destined '*bullet*!'"

The presentiment was verified in the main, although he lingered for a week after receiving his wound, and died in bed after all.

As for Samuel Lord, the third of the young graduates of Göttingen, mentioned, "If you inquire of any competent Charlestonian, you will find that phrenology in his case was not deceptive; that he stands today in the very first rank of the able lawyers of his native city.

laurels, unless those phrenological developments are suddenly and miraculously crushed, are sure to be surmounted by yet greener laurels here.

The "sanctum" becomes half filled, and the groups divide; some standing up to discuss more rhetorically, perhaps, a new book or magazine; the remainder seated cosily near the fire.

At this moment Russell approaches, accompanied by an exceedingly tall, commanding-looking, and handsome man of about twenty-six or seven, who desires to purchase an edition of "Junius." If any one present possesses the Highland "second sight," he must see, drawn already breast-high about that doomed form the pale, ghastly winding sheet. A few months hence he is destined to fall in a duel.*

And now Mr. Russell, "day labor done," joins his guests. One of them hails him familiarly as "Lord John!" How he chanced to win that *sobriquet* it may amuse you to learn.

While traveling in Europe it seems that he found himself, naturally enough, on one occasion upon the packet-boat plying between Calais and Dover. By some strange error he was mistaken by the captain and passengers for *Lord John Russell, the English Premier!* Of course he humored the mistake—is was so excellent a joke.

And he *continues* to humor it. In fact, it delights him to have the subject referred to. He will coquet with it for a moment, and then minutely enter into details, being careful to leave the impression that, after all, there was really nothing so wonderful in a person of his appearance, mien, manners, and passably impressive *tout ensemble*, being mistaken for the biographer of Tom Moore, and the illustrious ruler, for years, of British governmental policy!

Well, an innocent vanity enough; a source of immense satisfaction to him, and of guileless amusement to his friends.

But do not let me give you a false idea of "Lord John."

Despite some palpable weaknesses, he is a man

*The reference here is to William R. Tabor, for some years the brilliant young editor of "*The Charleston Mercury*." In 1856, unfortunately he published a series of editorials reflecting upon the political course of a prominent Charleston politician. These involved him in a controversy which terminated in an appeal to the "Code." The hostile meeting took place in September (1856), and at the third fire Tabor was killed. No duel, perhaps, that ever was fought in South Carolina created so wide-spread an excitement.

of quick, bright mind, of much native shrewdness, and acquired information; a clever, and occasionally even an instructive talker. Moreover, he has a kind heart, and in business affairs is generous to a fault.

A few of the scholars and cultivated gentlemen of Charleston conceived the notion, in the year 1856, of establishing a monthly literary magazine in that city. It was designed to be a representative organ, not merely of local, but of *Southern* intellect, taste, and opinions.

"Lord John" was consulted, and after much natural hesitation agreed, with a reckless gallantry I have always admired, to undertake the publication and entire business management of the work, and to "foot all bills" not covered by an exceedingly limited subscription list, until the time when "Maga," having dropped her "swaddling clothes," should come before the world in the dignity and strength of self-supporting maturity.

It had been previously settled that this monthly should be called *Russell's Magazine*. Its editorship they offered to me, and I can not help looking back with a whimsical, posthumous consternation at the unconscious audacity with which, utterly inexperienced as I *then* was, I coolly and cheerfully accepted one of the most difficult, exacting, and thankless positions imaginable.

On the first day of April—ominous date—1857, the initial number of *Russell's* appeared. I am not about to give its history, or to say more than this: It lived for *two* years; and if, during that period, much that was feeble, unsatisfactory, and inartistic burdened its pages, you will, nevertheless, find among its contributors the names of some famous authors, *Northern* no less than *Southern*!

Of the Northern writers I remember De Forest, who sent me an inimitable sketch, brimming over with fun, entitled, "The Smartville Ram Speculation;" and Richard Henry Stoddard, whose "Herod Agrippa and the Owl" deserves to rank with the best of his blank-verse poems.

But to its editor the memory of *Russell's* is chiefly dear, because through the needs of the periodical I became acquainted with a gentleman, scholar, and author, one of those rare, exceptional men, of whom it may be said that, if their ambition only equaled their intellectual gifts, they would soar above scores of their contemporaries whom the world deems (ah! impossible and preposterous phrase) immortal!

A month or two before "Maga" was fairly

launched, I was discussing with "Lord John" the style of our "leader."

"The first article of the first number," said I, "should treat of some subject of present and vital interest, and be written, moreover, by a master-hand."

"True," he asserted; "but how are we to manage it?"

At that moment—don't tell me, reader, there is no such thing as luck—an elderly gentleman entered the store, tall, gray-headed, erect as a dart, the chief expression of whose face was a placid benevolence, a tranquil, tolerant, good nature.

"The very person to help us!" exclaimed "Lord John."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Why, Grayson, the Hon. Wm. J. Grayson," he replied; "allow me to introduce you."

Of Mr. Grayson's reputation I was not ignorant, although, personally, we had never met before.

I knew that he had served the people acceptably, both in the State Legislature and the Lower House of Congress, that he was a vigorous political pamphleteer, an acute logician, an admirably-equipped classical scholar, and distinguished for great correctness and versatility of literary taste.

I was destined soon to learn a vast deal more of his peculiar powers.

With a kindly smile he consented to compose for us a "leader" that might "tell!"

"Come and call upon me at my house, Mr. Hayne," he said (presenting his card), "about a fortnight hence, and you shall have the article you want; at least, you shall have the best essay I can furnish."

Accepting his invitation, I visited him at the time specified, to receive the gentlest of welcomes; indeed, his appearance and manners were those of a guileless Moravian missionary, rather than a keen philosopher and a man well versed in the ways and wiles of a deceitful world.

He read his essay in a calm, level voice, with an occasional quaint elevation of the eyebrows, which gave double effect to its pungent periods.

It was a political treatise, dignified by a style at once marvelously forceful and elegant, in reply to an attack in *The Edinburgh Review* upon all conservative American parties, involving unmeasured abuse of the Constitution as interpreted by the decisions of the Supreme Court, and also the reserved rights of the

States, and the "peculiar institution of the South."

Some Puritan extremist had wormed himself into the columns of *The Edinburgh*, and under the guise of an impartial "Britisher," had denounced and defamed his country. Seldom has a renegade received his dues in fuller and more uncompromising measure. Although the answer appeared in a new and obscure periodical, it was copied and commented upon, in many cases enthusiastically, by the press of both sections of the United States; and a Glasgow journal called, if I remember, *The Liberal*, declared "that an intellectual descendant of Junius had evidently emigrated westward!"

Complimentary this; but hardly critical!

Overwhelming as Sir Philip Francis's arraignments of the ministers and placemen of his day often were—his logic was quite as frequently coarse, if not brutal—he could wield the argumentative rapier, it is true, when it suited his purpose; but despite his large affection of classical elegance, and even *dilettantism*, preferred the bludgeon. Not so with Mr. Grayson.

His logical executions were performed with such swift, quiet, and adroit thrusts of the steel, that an adversary was effectually "done for" almost before he knew that he had been pierced "a traverso il cuore;" or, if the blade circled for one rhetorical moment in the air, its effect upon his victim was not unlike that described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his word-picture of a certain famous German headsman:

"His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream;
He sheathed his blade and turned as if to go,
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow;
'Why strikest not? perform thy murderous act,'
The prisoner said (his voice was slightly cracked);
'Friend! I have struck,' the artist straight replied,
'Wait but one moment, and yourself decide.'
He held his snuff-box, 'Now, then, if you please!'
The prisoner sniffed, and with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, bowled along the floor,
Bounced down the steps—the prisoner said no more!"

Among the many apposite illustrative quotations in the reply to *The Edinburgh*, there is one so remarkable that I am tempted to reproduce it here.

"In 1775, during the debate on the Ninth Article of the Old Confederacy, proposing population, including slaves, as the basis of taxation, an objection was started by Southern members.

* I suppose nobody can seriously doubt that Sir Philip Francis was Junius.

"They thought that slaves should not be regarded as population. The Northern members judged differently. Among them was Mr. Adams.

"Mr. Adams remarked, '*That it was of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of freemen or of slaves; the difference in the state was imaginary only!*'

"What matters it whether a landlord, employing ten laborers on his farm, gives them annually as much money as will buy the necessities of life, or gives them those necessities at short hand? . . . Suppose, by a wonderful operation of Providence or of law, one half of the laborers of a State could, in the course of a night, be transferred into slaves, would the State be made the poorer?

"The condition of the laboring poor in most countries—that of fishermen, particularly, in the Northern States—is in no way superior to that of slaves!"

Am I not right in calling this passage extraordinary, when viewed by the superior wisdom of to-day? The sentiments sound strangely antediluvian! Although originating with the first, if not the greatest of the Massachusetts Adamases, with John Adams, "the colossus of debate," and considered even by Washington one of the shrewdest of statesmen, there is not a bread-and-butter miss of our time, just out of her pinafores, or a school-boy of ten, who will not laugh at such exploded nonsense concerning white and black, free and servile labor, such antiquated stuff in the field of political economy. . . . Worse than this! Not only is the "poor old Duffer" all abroad in his comprehension of the matters propounded, but observe his hard-heartedness; he actually exhibits no more sympathy for the oppressed toilers from Senegambia and Dahomey than for toilers of a lighter hue from the banks of the Shannon, or the hills of Yorkshire!

At all events, "*nous avons changé tout cela!*" The sun of philanthropy and humanitarianism has melted the world's callous soul.

O! potent spirit of progress, let things advance during the next hundred years as they have advanced during the past century, and doubtless all the trivial perplexities of our generation will have forever disappeared; and then all hail for the millennium!

Nevertheless there are some persons who have the misfortune—it is a misfortune in certain particulars—of seeing considerably beyond their noses, and who seem to believe that although the hard nut of the old slavery prob-

lem was summarily cracked by the hammer of Thor, there is another problem (namely, the freedman's) which can not be settled by any such decisive measure.

What says Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in the September "*Harpers*"?

"I recognize the magnitude of the negro question, and am glad that *my State has not the practical settlement* of it, nor can I do less than express my profound sympathy with the people who have. *They inherit the most difficult task now any where visible in human progress.*"*

In Mr. Grayson's writings we find immense virility combined with grace and smoothness. His fine classical training caused him to detest the harsh and uncouth, and yet he never sacrificed, as the "Queen Anne" school often did, strength to harmony. Rather, he demonstrated how they could be beautifully united. His was the hand of steel in the silken glove!

Of his essays contributed to "*Russell's*," all admirable in their way, there are two which fell like hot shot upon the heads of the self-satisfied historical conservatives—his articles, I mean, upon "Hamilton and Burr," and upon "Thomas Jefferson."

Mr. Grayson had made the study of history and of the lives and characters of noted American statesmen a *spécialité*. His mode of study was thorough, exhaustive, and sternly independent. Because an annalist was *reputed* to be an excellent authority, and had won the critical and popular approval was by no means enough for him. Whenever it could be done, he would procure and analyze original records.

"Unquestioning reliance," he said, "upon the so-styled orthodox authorities, has been productive of serious injustice.

"Through carelessness or through prejudice they have not unfrequently made themselves the sponsors of gross falsehoods and atrocious calumnies. But time is always holding a high court of appeals. He reverses the false decrees of popular or partisan opinion. He lets in new light on the characters of history, and strips from its busy actors the various disguises which cunning or accident may have thrown around them. As in other courts, the progress is slow.

*Satisfaction at the abolishment of slavery has found voice at the South as well as at the North. Any man who should now express a doubt as to the expediency of that sudden *bouleversement* of an ancient institution, would be called an "old fogey," fanatic, or something worse, and yet here we have a wise Republican confessing in effect that emancipation, so violently and suddenly achieved, has resulted in saddling the South with a task the most difficult now any where visible in human progress.

"Did it not require more than a hundred years to inform the world that the trusted counsellors of William the Third were traitors in constant correspondence with the abdicated monarch? Did it not demand the research of a Macaulay to expose the traffic of William Penn in the calamities of misfortune?"

"At the end of half a century we are only beginning to see with some clearness the motives which actuated our own distinguished politicians."

Mr. Grayson, after the most minute investigation of the career of the three illustrious men I have referred to, comes to the conclusion, based, as it seems to me, upon proof of almost mathematical severity and accuracy, that whatever Aaron Burr may have been—a *mauvais sujet* on many points, doubtless, and any thing but a saint politically and socially—he was nevertheless not so "black a sheep" as his foes have invariably painted him; in truth, that he was no worse than the class to which he belonged—the class of active politicians hunting for office!

I wish that I could follow the author step by step in the course of his magnificent essay (worthy of Macaulay at his best); but, since this is impossible, I must at least give his summing up as clearly and concisely as may be:

If, maintains Mr. Grayson, *we are to take a man's character from his enemies*, we shall place a very low estimate on Jefferson's or Hamilton's claims to truth, chastity, good faith, or common honesty.

Jefferson was denounced by the whole Federal party as an atheist, profligate, and rogue, who had cheated his British creditors, and devoured the portion of the widow and orphan, a blasphemer who said of a dilapidated Church of Christ, "that it was good enough for one who was born in a manger." He was regarded as crafty, base, designing, destitute of every virtue, the enemy of law, order, and stable government.

Hamilton, according to Randall, the latest and accredited biographer of Jefferson, was ambitious, licentious, unscrupulous, false, involved in an intrigue with England, devoted to the getting up of fraudulent financial schemes; a caballer with Adams' Cabinet to obtain treacherous disclosures for an attack on Adams' character; a deliberate proposer of a shameless fraud to Jay, which Jay indignantly scorned to countenance; a promoter of standing armies, taxes, and debt for his own aggrandizement!

Randall further declares, quoting *Madison* as authority, that Washington disliked Hamilton, and Hamilton emphatically returned the compliment; that the latter was detested by his own party even, for his arrogance; that nothing less than his death could have restored him to their favor. They renewed their devotion when he could no longer dictate and domineer!

Where is there any thing in the general coloring of Burr's character worse than this? If such be the reputation of Jefferson and Hamilton, when assailed by one party only, and defended and praised by the other, what are we to expect for Burr when pursued alive and dead by the hatred of both, when maligned by all, defended by none?

They abuse him universally, and then make the universal abuse the evidence of his guilt. The argument is easy. Burr, they say, is infamous. Why? Because every body says so. Every body says so. Why? Because Burr is infamous. The accusation is made to prove itself.

... Thus we are accustomed to see Burr from the point of view formed by the vindictive slanders of all parties. They behold him as they have made him—the object of universal obloquy.

Yet, regard him impartially, occupying the position in which he stood at the time of Hamilton's denunciations.

He was elected Vice-President of the United States by the Republicans, and was supported for the Presidency by the entire Federal delegation in Congress, with one exception.

He filled the chair of the Senate with distinction; presided at the trial of Chase with unsurpassed judgment, and delivered an address at the end of his term which all parties admitted was a model of senatorial grace, eloquence, and dignity.

During all this period he commanded respect. Are such things consistent with utter depravity, with satanic wickedness? Was the man so vile that no additional baseness could degrade him? Preposterous!

As for the famous Wilkinson affair, which frightened grave senators and threw the country into such turmoil, and the pathetic episode of the Blannerhassetts, upon which William Wirt expended so much useless eloquence, Mr. Grayson effectually disposes of them both. He shows with unimpeachable logic and an array of facts, which none can dispute successfully, that Burr was no traitor, but a simple "filibuster."

"Judging his schemes," he observes, "by the lights of the present time, one is amazed at the obloquy which pursued him.

"If Mexico were still Spain's, and another Burr were here to organize another expedition, he would carry with him in six months a hundred thousand men, and would be considered a suitable candidate for the presidency, *if his plans succeeded!*"

What, finally, of the duel in which Hamilton lost his life? No man, Mr. Grayson tells us, with a mind open to truth, can read the correspondence* without admitting that Hamilton was shuffling and irresolute, unable to disavow the slander, unwilling to apologize to the slandered; ashamed to refuse a challenge, since he had *twice* before provoked one for less cause, yet anxious to evade it; estopped from condemning a practice *which his whole life had sustained*, but securing, by a sort of posthumous blow, the imputation on his antagonist of shooting a man who never intended to return his fire; and still leaving it *more* than doubtful whether he did *not* return it.†

The results that followed the duel, the denunciation, the inquest, *the sermons* loudly eulogizing the man who, *as the preachers well knew*, died in an act at variance alike with the laws of God and man—these things are discreditable to the character, *not* of Burr, but of those who engaged in them. Impartial lookers on judged very differently.

An old Southern *Federalist* of high repute used to say that although he admired Hamilton's genius intensely, and had followed him as his political leader, nevertheless he must in justice allow that Burr (as regards the duel) was right and his antagonist wrong. This testimony is conclusive.

Mr. Grayson's temperament was, in general, cool, placid, some might have thought phlegmatic. Perhaps it was not easy to rouse his indignation; since, of all men I have ever known, he had the strictest sense of justice and the most admirable capacity for examining impartially *all* sides of a question. But when thoroughly convinced that a wrong was intended, especially against his own people, he was capable of a white heat of righteous anger

* All that Burr demanded was a *general* denial, on Hamilton's part, that he had uttered any thing derogatory to his (Burr's) honor.

† Van Ness, Burr's second, vowed to his dying day that Hamilton *shot first*, and that he plainly saw the bullet cut the twigs of a tree above Burr's head; and his principal *confirms* the assertion.

which never vented itself in idle epithets, but went straight and fiery as "Hawkeye's" bullet to its mark.

Once there came to Charleston a celebrated Northern divine, the idol of his own sect, who, during a protracted visit, was loaded with honors, attentions, and lavish hospitality. It was innocently supposed that upon his return home he would say a kind word in our favor, or, at all events, that he would refrain from open denunciation of the people whose "salt" he had just eaten.

But soon it was discovered that this theological gentleman had apparently visited the South "to spy out the moral and political nakedness of the land." It was the old story! Our hospitality was accepted only to be abused. A published communication of his was "spotted," in which his recent entertainers and their section were dealt with in a spirit quite the reverse of that which "thinketh no evil."

Mr. Grayson replied so quietly at first that his friends were rather disappointed. They failed to comprehend the tactics of this consummate controversialist. The result of his mild, expostulatory article was just what *he* expected.

Doctor —, supposing that he had to deal with a commonplace antagonist, grew careless in his rejoinder, and exposed himself vitally. When he found out his mistake it was too late.

At the close of a discussion in which the ungrateful assailant was humiliatingly defeated by the acknowledgment of his own friends, I have little doubt that he ruefully exclaimed, in reference to his punisher, "An' I had known thou wert so cunning of fence, I had seen thee damned ere I had assailed thee."

"*Russell's*," our small and audacious craft, which had long been sailing the ocean of literature under difficulties, chief among them the lack of golden ballast, at the close of the fourth volume struck upon breakers and sunk, like a shot, to "Davy Jones' locker," where she rests in peace among the fragments of a hundred similar ventures.

Two years intervened before the war, and during this period I continued to see a good deal of Mr. Grayson. The longer I knew the more profoundly I admired and respected him. Besides his great essayical talents, he was a vigorous and elegant versifier, as his poem, "The Hireling and the Slave," and still more, his animated and picturesque "Marion," abundantly prove.

We met for the last time in the summer of 1862. I had been traveling with my family in the cars from Charleston to Columbia, when, having arrived at the capital of the State, we took the omnibus for our hotel.

Mr. Grayson entered the same vehicle, and we had a conversation of a quarter of an hour before the omnibus reached its destination. He was tranquil and self-contained as usual, and, studiously refraining from any discussion of the war, held up to my view a coarse, yellow-covered book he had been reading, which he pronounced the most powerful fiction since the time of W. Scott. It was an edition of "*Les Misérables*," just issued by a Richmond firm.

As he spoke of it, and dwelt upon the spirit and originality of the work, he became unwontedly animated. "A prodigious genius, this Victor Hugo!" he exclaimed; "even the man's most glaring faults are the offspring of power! He is a Titan, the more conspicuous among a generation of Pigmies!"

It seems noteworthy that my acquaintance with Mr. Grayson began with a literary consultation and ended with a literary criticism! We parted on that summer afternoon for the last time. I never heard from nor saw him again. He died in 1863-4, as I have been told, of paralysis.

In 1873 I passed through Charleston on my way from New York to "Copse Hill." Of course I visited the old familiar "emporium" in King Street. It was hard to recognize the place. The superb collection of beautifully-bound books had disappeared, and I glanced over a "beggarly account of empty, or half-empty shelves."

During the war the most valuable works had been removed for safe-keeping to the upper-country. But Sherman's "bummers," developing a sudden taste for literature, had, after their own peculiar fashion, "devoured" them.*

Far sadder, however, than the disappearance of his books, was the aspect of the old proprietor. Old, indeed, he had grown, through misfortune rather than years. Where was the brisk, active, self-confident "Lord John" of

another and better day, the day "when Plancus was consul?"

He greeted me with a melancholy effusion, and waving his hand around the store, conveyed by a single despairing gesture his sense of the surrounding desolation!

Truly, to both of us, it was a place of ghosts. The gay, the gallant, and the learned, wont to assemble there, had disappeared, and along the dreary spaces I seemed to hear the rustling of the garments of the dead! And there were voices, hollow and forlorn, that lingered among the alcoves, or came whispering weirdly in one's spiritual ear.

Poor "Lord John!" his "occupation was gone," and his heart, I believe, broken. But a few months more, and *abijt ad plures*, he, too, had passed away to "join the majority!"

* * * * *

In these brief articles, now drawn to a close, I have attempted nothing more than a fragmentary account of "Ante-Bellum Charleston," and her society, illustrated by biographical sketches of a few of her wise and great men.

It would require a volume, at least, to do any thing like justice to so fruitful a theme; for, as Mr. Petigru observed in his address before the South Carolina Historical Society, twenty-seven years ago, "in the circle of vision from the belfry of 'Saint Michael's,' there has been as much high thought spoken, as much heroic action taken, as much patient endurance borne, as in any equal area of land and sea on this continent."

Rife with romance, indeed, is the history of this city. Imagination travels back across a period of two hundred and fifteen years, and perceives how, from a feeble settlement on the Ashley in 1670, "despite wars, disease, and great privations, has grown up in the "environment of Province, Colony, and State, a city and people, who, from the earliest times down through all the governmental changes since, in peace and in war, have borne themselves always on the highest plane of honor and duty."†

Twice she has been stigmatized as the "Mother of Treason;" once, when, in 1776, she dared to hurl defiance from her unfinished fort, on Sullivan's Island, against the English fleet, and again in 1862, when, under quite as sincere a conviction of right, she bombarded and took Fort Sumter.

*From Mayor Courtenay's invaluable and comprehensive oration upon the 12th August, 1883, "The Centennial of the Incorporation of Charleston."

*We learn, upon the authority of the Rev. Mr. West, editor of *The Academy*, in a contribution of his to a recent number of *The New York Home Journal*, that a *ci-devant* Southern General recently assured "Tecumseh" that thirty days after the close of the civil war he ("Tecumseh") was as much respected at the South as any Confederate general! Old Fracastorius had a neat way of grading certain statements. Would this have been placed among those which he used to call "*inverecundi et pertinaces*?"

Success sanctified her action in the old Revolution, and she was purged of the "damnable crime of revolt and treason."

Does any body doubt that success would have had quite as purifying and exalting an effect in the new? Meanwhile, no accumulation of trials, misfortunes, or outrages—not even the "Hades of Reconstruction"—could finally subdue her!

"We know the issue! all unsmirched with passionate gratulation,
SHE rose, she towered! for who could touch her soul with degradation?
The cruel fire that singed her robe, died out in rainbow flashes,
And bright her silvery sandals shone above the hissing ashes!"

I, her poet and her son, here in the sheltering arms of my beloved adopted mother Georgia, can not but thrill at the thought of the *true* mother that bore me!

She may sometimes *seem* cold to her children; yet hers is only the coldness of Hecla which carries beneath its surface a heart of deathless flame.

Oh! Queen; oh! *madre imperiale*, when the sunset has faded, and the twilight gone, and the night descended, wilt thou not call the wearied exile home?

He would fain sleep within the sound of thy waters, under the shadow of thy immemorial oaks, near the sacred dust of his fathers!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

BRAGG'S INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER III.

As related in the preceding chapter, when General Bragg turned off the direct road to Louisville and marched to Bardstown, General Buell did not follow, but continued directly on to Louisville by the way of Elizabethtown. General Buell's reasons for the course are given in his own words, as found in the "statement" heretofore mentioned:

"Many considerations rendered it proper to direct my march on Louisville instead of following his route. The want of supplies made it necessary, many of the troops being out by the time they reached Salt River. This reason would have been insuperable if, as was not improbable, the enemy should concentrate his force and throw himself between me and Louisville. The junction of Bragg and Kirby Smith was not only possible, but probable. It would have made their combined force greatly superior to me in strength, and such a disposition would have placed him between two inferior forces, which, from their positions, could not have acted in concert against him, and which, therefore, were liable to be beaten in detail.

"One of these forces, that occupying Louisville, was composed of perfectly raw, undisciplined, and in a measure, unarmed troops, with but very little artillery, and very few officers of rank or experience. It could not have withstood the veteran rebel army two hours; the consequence of its defeat and the capture of Louisville would have been disastrous in the extreme. That force, however, mixed judiciously with my old troops, could be made to render good service, as the result proved."

It was known in Louisville at an early day that the Confederates under General Bragg had left the railroad at Nolin, and were marching toward Bardstown, and that the Army of

the Ohio, instead of following, was coming on to the city. It was supposed that General Bragg would unite with General Smith and either attack Louisville or bring General Buell to battle before he could gain the place.

With a view to either contingency, General Nelson had the Army of Kentucky rationed to include the end of the month. The Second Michigan Cavalry was thrown as far south as within eleven miles of Elizabethtown, and strong pickets were posted on the Bardstown and Shelbyville pikes. This was on the 22d and 23d of September. The orders bearing these dates are here given as reflecting the feelings and purposes of the commanding General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF KENTUCKY,)
LOUISVILLE, September 22, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 17:

Soldiers: Intelligence has reached me that the rebel hordes who are now ravaging the fair land of Kentucky are advancing to attack this city.

We will give them a bloody welcome! Let every man feel the importance of the occasion, and do his whole duty.

A little patience and energy is all that is required. Be attentive to the commands of your officers, keep steady in your ranks, and fire coolly and with aim, and victory *will* attend us.

Officers will set an example to their soldiers of resolution, patience, and endurance; and make good, by their bearing, their pretensions to the rank which their several States have conferred on them.

Fellow soldiers! shoulder to shoulder we will meet the enemy, and rival on the plains of Louisville the glory won by our fellow soldiers at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Pea Ridge, and other memorable fields of honor.

W. NELSON,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF KENTUCKY,)
LOUISVILLE, September 23, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 18:

I. Generals of divisions and brigades will examine to-day the ground in front of their respective commands with a view to establish the grand guard and pickets. Every precaution will be taken to guard against surprise. Each brigade will furnish a regiment for picket duty.

II. The pickets and grand guard will be established at 3 P. M. this day in position.

III. Heavy cavalry patrols will be kept up far to the front on all roads.

IV. Commanders of divisions will see that their men are drawn up in their positions in daytime, so that they will readily and without confusion be able to find their places in case of night alarm.

V. The troops will stand to arms from 3 o'clock A. M. every morning till broad daylight, or until the morning fog lights up.

VI. Generals of divisions will continue to strengthen their positions all that is in their power.

VII. A general officer of the day will be announced from these headquarters, to whom the division officers of the day will report at 7 o'clock A. M. daily. The general officer of the day will report at 7 o'clock daily at these headquarters for orders.

VIII. Generals will report to these headquarters immediately the state and regimental number of each regiment under their command, together with the names of their respective field officers.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON.
FRANK P. GROSS, *Aid-de-Camp*.

On the 24th the advance of the Army of the Ohio was reported north of Elizabethtown and no enemy near the road. On this day it was known that General Smith's troops were not west of Frankfort. As the Army of the Ohio was now near at hand, and the enemy had not concentrated, all anxiety for the safety of the city was dismissed, and preparations were made for moving the troops of the Army of Kentucky to the left to afford camping room for the incoming divisions.

General Buell arrived in person on the 25th and his leading division followed immediately.

The force of the invasion was now spent. General Bragg had lost the initiative, and General Buell was about to assume it. General Bragg had now to decide whether he would collect his forces and try the issue of a general battle, or beat a retreat by line of the Cumberland Gap—for to retire by the way he came was no longer in his power. He had too deeply committed himself in penetrating so far into the State to withdraw otherwise than by one of the passes of the range of mountains which now lay in his rear.

It was now the 25th of the month, and the rear of the Army of the Ohio was near at hand.

Eighteen of the new regiments in the Army of Kentucky had been designated to be trans-

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ferred to swell the ranks of this army—this was at the rate of three to the division, or one to each brigade.

The old division of Jefferson C. Davis, sent from Grant's army, as before mentioned, was along, and was in like manner increased by three regiments. Also the division of Gordon Granger, brought to Louisville by General Sheridan from Grant's army at an earlier period, was enlarged by adding new troops; and finally two divisions were bodily transferred from the army of Kentucky; these were James S. Jackson's and Gilbert's. The former was of two brigades and one battery, the latter was a full division with two batteries. On the 29th the rear division of the Army of the Ohio came up, and before the close of the day the preparations were completed for the incorporation on the morrow of the new troops with the old, and the immediate resumption of the march.

But the next morning the authorities at Washington interfered and spoiled the results of a feat of administration not often equaled in war. For in three days General Buell had incorporated the two armies, and had fitted out the new troops and renewed the equipments of the old, and was prepared to spread out like a fan in a day the long column that had been gathered within the limits of the city to renew its strength.

A staff officer had arrived from Washington bearing an order from General Halleck to General Buell to turn over the command to General Thomas. The order was immediately complied with; but without delay, General Thomas telegraphed back that General Buell's preparations to move against the enemy had been completed, and asked that he be retained in command, adding for himself that he was not sufficiently informed to undertake the command of the army at the existing stage of its operations. The consideration of the case dragged along through the day; but finally, in the evening, General Halleck informed General Buell that his removal from command had been suspended, and thereupon General Buell resumed his work for an immediate advance, and next day replied to General Halleck "that out of sense of public duty, he should continue discharging the duties of his command to the best of his ability until otherwise ordered."

In the meantime on the 29th, at an early hour in the morning, a most deplorable event had occurred. It has been mentioned previously that General Jefferson C. Davis had re-

ported to General Nelson for duty soon after the latter assumed command, that almost immediately ill feeling arose between them, and that General Davis was eventually placed in arrest by General Nelson and sent off to Cincinnati. On the arrival of the Army of the Ohio with General Davis's old division, he appears to have returned to Louisville. One of his first acts was to seek an interview with General Nelson, accompanied by Governor Morton with some of the members of his staff. Out of the interview there grew an altercation in which General Davis shot and killed General Nelson. Major Cole, of General Nelson's staff, has published an account of the killing of his chief, from which the following extracts are taken:

"While the work of organizing the new troops was going on, Brigadier-General Jefferson C. Davis reported for duty to General Nelson. General Davis was asked if he would organize the citizens of Louisville if they would volunteer for the defense of the city. To this Davis assented. The order was issued calling for volunteers, and General Davis announced his headquarters at the court-house, where he would organize companies, regiments, and brigades if the numbers should warrant. Four days after this order of Davis's was issued, General Nelson asked me how General Davis was progressing in organizing the citizens. My reply was this: 'General Davis must be worse (he was in feeble health at that time), for he has been sitting on the heaters most of the time for the last four days.' General Nelson then ordered me to present his respects to General Davis and request him to report to him (Nelson) in person. Upon making General Nelson's wish known to Davis, he appeared offended, jumped quickly from the heater upon which he had been sitting, and followed me to General Nelson's headquarters. He came to the threshold and stopped. General Nelson approached to the door and addressed General Davis in these words: 'General Davis, how are you getting along in organizing the citizens?'

"General Davis replied: 'I am a regular army officer, and will not disgrace myself by mixing with a rabble of citizens.'

"Rebuking General Davis for such language, General Nelson directed Major Cole to make an order placing him in arrest, and requiring him to report at Cincinnati to General Wright, the Department commander."

In the excitement of the rapidly moving

events, this affair attracted no great notice and soon passed out of mind, and when General Davis returned to Louisville to meet his old division it had been almost forgotten, and the tragedy of the 29th was as unexpected as it was shocking. What follows is in Major Cole's words:

"About 8 o'clock in the morning I saw General Davis, who looked pale and was evidently laboring under unusual excitement. I immediately went down the hall and notified General Nelson of General Davis's arrival. He (Nelson) had just come out of his room for breakfast and passed into the dining-room by the ladies' passage way. While he was at breakfast, I was in his room making notes of my night's inspection of picket posts, and when I went out to the office I saw Governor Morton and staff standing in line fronting the office. General Nelson came out of the dining-room and, seeing this party, boldly walked in front of them. When he had reached the center, General Davis suddenly stepped around from the left and met Nelson, and in loud and haughty tones said: 'General Nelson, I want to know why you disgraced me by placing me in arrest?' To this insolent demand General Nelson thundered out, 'Do you know who you are talking to, sir?' Davis replied sneeringly, 'Yes! Bill Nelson!' Whereupon, Nelson slapped Davis with the palm and back of his hand on either side of his face, and at the same time applying to him an opprobrious epithet.

"After this, Davis walked back to the left, and as he turned, said to General Nelson, 'I will see you again,' and then went over to the door of the bar-room and spoke to a gentleman there, and then turned and went toward the dining-room, and immediately returned with a pistol in his hand, examining its action, and followed General Nelson rapidly and shot him in the breast, inflicting a mortal wound. General Nelson lived only about thirty minutes, but he had strength sufficient to go up a flight of stairs and reach General Buell's room, where he breathed his last. He was not armed at the time he was shot—his pistols were at the time lying on the mantel-piece in his room, and were there found by his aid-de-camp to have remained undisturbed. General Davis was immediately placed in arrest, and the Provost Guard was ordered to the hotel to prevent excited officers and soldiers from acts of violence. About twenty minutes after General Nelson's death, Governor Morton, with his family, left

the hotel and drove to the cars, and left for Indianapolis. But for a quarrel which existed between Morton and Nelson, growing out of the former's autocratic methods in filling the quotas of Indiana regiments and interfering in their assignments, there would have been no disagreement between the two generals that might not have been readily adjusted in the usual official course of reference to a common superior of all matters in dispute or under complaint.

In the death of General Nelson the Union cause lost an able officer. At the time when all were growing, he grew most rapidly. When he came to Louisville, late in the fall of 1861, his ideas of army administration were of the very crudest. In the month of May, 1862, when nearing Corinth, he did not understand that in drawing up his division in line of battle inequalities of the ground must govern the disposition of the brigades and their formation. In the month of August, the same year, when *en route* from Louisville to Richmond, he was in the dark as to why a concentration of all his forces at or near Danville would cover Louisville and the railroad, and at the same time protect Cincinnati. Yet in every one of these cases it required only a clear presentation to find him grasping the whole subject with a clearness of thought that argued the born soldier. His perception of details and powers of generalization were exceptional; coupled with these was a resolute and self-reliant character that marked him out for the exercise of separate command.

During the evening of the 29th, as has been mentioned, General Buell was restored to command, and immediately thereafter the organization of the Army of the Ohio in three corps of three divisions each, for operations in the field, was announced. The First corps had for its commander, Major-General McCook; the Second, Major-General Crittenden; and the Third, Brigadier-General Gilbert serving temporarily as a Major-General.

General Thomas was announced as second in command. These assignments made changes in the commanders of divisions as follows: Schoepf came to the command of the First division in the place of Thomas; Dumont to the Twelfth, and of the city of Louisville, in the place of Gilbert; Boyle to the Eleventh, in the place of Dumont; R. B. Mitchell came to the command of the Ninth division, vice Davis, placed under arrest.

On the next day, the 30th, General Dumont

was designated to accompany the army in its forward movement and occupy Frankfort, the capital of the State, with his division so soon as it should be yielded up, as it must necessarily be in the course of the pending operations. This change made way for the return of General Boyle to his old command, that of Louisville, and for General Sheridan to come to the command of the Eleventh division vacated by Boyle. Thus, the division commanders of the several corps, when they were about to march, were as follows: Of the First corps they were Rousseau, Sill, and Jas. S. Jackson; of the Second, T. J. Wood, W. S. Smith, and Van Cleve; of the Third, Schoepf, R. B. Mitchell, and Sheridan. The march was fixed for the 1st of October, at six in the morning. The movement was so far successful that by nightfall the various divisions had without confusion extricated themselves from their camps and quarters in and around the city, and had taken up their respective lines of march along the routes to which they had been severally assigned.

The Second corps (Crittenden's) marched in a body on the Bardstown pike, and was the center; it made its camp that night on Fern Creek. The Third corps (Gilbert's) moved on the right, over the country roads, west of the pike. Two of its divisions (Mitchell's and Sheridan's) took the road to Newburg, and camped at that place, the remaining division (Schoepf's) went off by the Preston Street plank road, and halted for the night on McCauly's Creek. McCook's corps (the First) went out of the city by the roads leading eastwardly. Sill took the Shelbyville pike *en route* to Frankfort, with Dumont in company. General McCook, with two divisions of his corps (Rousseau's and Jackson's), took the Taylorsville pike. Sill and Dumont were on the Shelbyville pike. This corps was the left wing of the Union line. General Buell fixed his headquarters with the center corps. General Thomas, second in command, also was here.

On this day, October 1st, General Bragg arrived at Lexington, where he met the Provisional Governor of the State, for whose installation at the capital on the 4th inst. preparations were at once set on foot. Kirby Smith's troops were just returning from their expedition to the eastern part of the State to intercept George W. Morgan in his retreat from Cumberland Gap. Smith repaired to Frankfort on the 2d, and proceeded to concentrate

his army there. Stevenson arrived that night, bringing eleven thousand men. Heth came up from Georgetown, almost at the same time, with seven thousand. Two regiments were already there. Humphrey Marshall, with his brigade of four thousand five hundred, with Cleburne retiring from Shelbyville, and a regiment and a battalion at Lexington under Gracie made Smith's whole force count up twenty-three thousand men at Frankfort, and five thousand more within supporting distance; in all twenty-eight thousand.

In the meantime General Bragg had heard of the movement of the Army of the Ohio from Louisville, and under the impression that it was marching eastwardly to interpose between Smith, at Frankfort, and Polk, at Bardstown, ordered the latter to march by way of Bloomfield toward Frankfort to strike the enemy in flank and rear, and informed him at the same time that General Smith would attack in front.

General Bragg's order, which was dated October 2d, 1 P. M., reached General Polk at Bardstown next day. The General submitted it to a council of wing and division commanders and determined not to comply, but to move as originally instructed, and fall back in the direction of Bryantsville.

General Polk's note announcing this determination is given in full, and reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS A. M.,
BARDSTOWN, October 3, 1862, 3 P. M. }

General: I am in receipt of your note of the 2d, 1 P. M., directing me to move with all my available force via Bloomfield and Frankfort to strike the enemy on the flank and rear. The last twenty-four hours have developed a condition of things on my front and left flank, which I shadowed forth in my last note to you, which make compliance with this order not only eminently inexpedient but impracticable.

I have called a council of wing and division commanders, to whom I have submitted the matter, and find that they unanimously indorse my views.

I shall, therefore, pursue a different course, assured that when the facts are submitted to you, you will justify my decision. I move on the route indicated by you toward Camp Breckinridge. The head of my column moves this afternoon. I will keep you advised. I send this by a relay of couriers I have established at intervals of ten miles from here to Lexington via Danville.

I remain, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

(Signed) L. POLK,

Major-General Commanding A. M.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG,

Commanding Department No. 2, Frankfort.

At the hour when this note was dated, the Army of the Ohio was going into camp on Salt River as follows: Crittenden's corps on

the Bardstown pike and on the south side of the stream, distant from Bardstown about twelve miles; two divisions of Gilbert's corps (Mitchell's and Sheridan's) off to the right and in sight, the remaining division (Schoepf's) still farther to the right some eight miles, near Shepherdsville.

General McCook was to the left, at Taylorsville, with two divisions, distant from the center corps (Crittenden's) fourteen or fifteen miles, while Sill, with the remaining division and Dumont, was on the Shelbyville pike, some ten or twelve miles farther away.

The right of the Union line on the night of the 3d of October was, therefore, near Shepherdsville, the center was on the Bardstown pike where it crosses Salt River, and only about twelve miles from the town, while the left extended from Taylorsville to near Shelbyville. This was the line which General Bragg had ordered General Polk to move via Bloomfield to Frankfort to strike on the flank and rear, while General Smith, moving from Lexington, would attack in front. General Bragg's order was written evidently under the impression that the Army of the Ohio was marching in a body in an easterly direction from Louisville, and that General Polk, at Bardstown, was south of its course, and would find its right flank somewhere between Taylorsville and Lawrenceburg, whereas, the bulk of the Union army moved southerly from Louisville, and its right wing was west of the Bardstown pike, while its left wing extended to the Shelbyville pike. An order more inapplicable to the situation could not well have been penned. Had it been precisely inverted, Smith to attack the flank and Polk in front, it would have been sensible and possibly might have yielded important results. General Polk decided to play a part similar to that of Fitz John Porter on the Union side in the preceding month of August, but with a happier issue to himself personally.

He determined not to obey the order, and held himself in readiness to retreat if pressed by a force too large to justify his giving battle.

This determination was communicated to General Bragg in time for him to stop General Smith's advance to attack in front.

General Polk's action necessitated an entire change of plan upon the part of General Bragg, the abandonment of the capital, and a partial uncovering of the depot at Lexington, and the ultimate loss of the stores accumulated at that point.

In substituting the order of 1 P. M., October 2d, for that of September 28th, which required General Polk to fall back toward Bryantsville if pressed by a superior force, General Bragg had been influenced by the discovery that but little progress had been made in transferring to that place the supplies which had been stored at Lexington. The movement of the Army of the Ohio was a surprise to General Bragg, and compelled him to accept battle near his subsistence stored at Lexington instead of in front of Bryantsville, where he had proposed at the outset to concentrate for action.

General Buell had taken the initiative, and General Bragg must conform therefore to the movements of his adversary. He selected a new point of concentration, which was Versailles, and turned Smith's forces in that direction, and hastened to Harrodsburg to gather up the threads of the new combination.

He arrived on the 6th of October, and met General Polk just coming from Bardstown with his corps.

Like General Buell, General Bragg had reorganized his army. Smith's corps consisted of the divisions of Heth, Churchill, and Humphrey Marshall. Smith transferred back to Bragg the troops that the latter had sent him from the Army of the Mississippi, at Chattanooga, at the outset of the campaign.

The Army of the Mississippi remained as heretofore in two corps. Polk's comprising the divisions of Cheatham and Withers, and Hardee's those of Anderson and Buckner, numbering about forty thousand, thus giving General Bragg about sixty-eight thousand men, all told.

When the Army of the Ohio moved from Louisville it had fifty-eight thousand present, of which number twenty-two thousand were raw troops. (See "The Army under Buell, by James B. Fry," General Buell's Chief of Staff.) Dumont's division is not included in this number. This is the division which, as the Fourth division of the Army of Kentucky, is referred to in the second chapter as showing on its consolidated report for the 28th of September an aggregate of eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-eight. The sick were over nine hundred, while the absent with and without authority numbered near seven hundred. Yet it is probably the fact that there were not eight thousand actually present in that division on the day it went into its first camp after leaving Louisville. Considerable deductions must be

made from the reported strength of the regiments of the Union armies of that day. Whether the Confederate commanders were misled in like manner by methods of reporting similar to ours is not known. General Bragg probably had fewer stragglers than General Buell, for reasons which can readily be imagined.

On the morning of the 4th the Army of the Ohio resumed its march from the line of Salt River. Crittenden's corps, the center, continued along the pike in a body toward Bardstown, general headquarters moving with it.

The two divisions of Gilbert's corps, which had camped near by on the right, crossed the stream and continued on until they struck the Shepherdsville road, when one (Sheridan's) turned to the left until it gained the Bardstown pike, when it fell in behind Crittenden's corps. The other took up Cox's Creek and continued its course parallel to the pike and in sight, with orders to come abreast Sheridan, who was to keep on to where Cox's Creek crosses the pike, and then halt. On the night of the 4th Crittenden's corps and Gilbert's two divisions camped on Cox's Creek. Schoepf's division marched from Shepherdsville by Cane Spring toward Bardstown, and camped about four miles to the right of Mitchell's division. Sheridan's division was on the pike. General McCook marched from Taylorsville toward Bloomfield.

This night General Polk began his retreat from Bardstown. His own corps (divisions of Withers and Cheatham) was sent by way of Maxville; Hardee's corps (divisions of Buckner and Anderson) by the way of Springfield and Perryville to the same point. The movement was continued through the night.

Next morning, the 5th, Crittenden's corps and Gilbert's marched upon the place and passed it side and side about noon. Gilbert's corps took the road to Springfield and camped at Fredericksburg. Crittenden's kept to the left and went into camp on Buck Creek. McCook was at Bloomfield with his two divisions (Rousseau's and Jackson's). Sill was still on the road to Frankfort.

On the morning of the 4th Kirby Smith moved to the Kentucky River and placed his headquarters near McCown's Ferry.

Skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry and artillery had marked the movements of all the columns from within a few miles of Louisville. It was more stubborn and formidable near Bardstown; but the rear of the enemy's in-

fantry retired from that place eight hours before the arrival of the Union forces, when his rearguard retreated after a sharp engagement with the Union cavalry. The pursuit and skirmishing with the enemy's rearguard continued toward Springfield. This body was chiefly of cavalry under General Wheeler, and belonged to Hardee's corps. Polk's corps, which moved off by the way of Maxville, attracted toward itself no especial attention, for General Buell's information led him to believe that the enemy would concentrate at Danville, and hence Hardee's line of march seemed to be that of the main body.

On the next day, the 6th, Crittenden's and Gilbert's corps again came together at Springfield. Gilbert's, arriving first, went on through the town and camped on the road leading to Perryville where it crosses Buck's Fork, distant from the place about four miles. Crittenden's came in from the left, and also passed through the place and camped for the night. Its camp was to the rear and right of Gilbert's.

On this night the Union army stood with two of its corps at Springfield, and the remaining corps, McCook's, off to the left—two of its divisions on the road from Bloomfield to Har-

rodsburg and the remaining one with Dumont's between Shelbyville and Frankfort.

The Confederates, at the same time, were extended on a line from the vicinity of Versailles through Harrodsburg to Perryville; Smith with his headquarters on the Kentucky River at McCown's Ferry; Polk with his corps at Harrodsburg, and Hardee with his near Perryville. General Bragg was at Harrodsburg in conference with General Polk and also with General Smith, who had been summoned from his headquarters for that purpose.

After the conference Smith returned to his headquarters at McCown's Ferry. Both Bragg and Smith at this time thought that Buell's real attack was to be on Smith. Accordingly, early next morning General Bragg issued orders for the concentration of all of his forces in front of the depot at Lexington. This order, for reasons which will be given in the succeeding chapter, was not put in full operation, for later in the day General Bragg received information from General Hardee which induced him to divide General Polk's corps, sending one of its divisions to Perryville and continuing the march of the other to the rendezvous near Versailles.

C. C. Gilbert.

THE VALLEY OF PALM.

Years toiled I 'mong the reapers and worn laborers,
Earning, ah, little indeed more than life's sustenance,
Hoping far off to behold the palms of peace and promise
Rise coolly above the hot fields and grain tawny.

Long slept I at night 'bove the horses' heads, in the sweet hay,
Hopefully hearing the keen, chirruping call of the cricket,
The wood-worm steadily gnawing above in the heavy rafters,
Dreaming glad dreams of when toil, and pain, and life's hardships
Should bring to my tired limbs rest in the shadow of full success.

But the years went by, and a gleaner stayed I still in the harvest,
Nearing the far-out field where the reapers thickest are,
Stooping in the dim light above the stubble there gleaming.
Then I looked far off for the palms, afar for the fragrant coolness,
And behold a great green valley filled with low mounds grassy.

Then I heard a reaper saying, old, and toiling slowly:
"I long to lie there at rest, the rest supreme which He giveth.
To those who fail not, nor falter, there is given bliss greater and purer—
To walk where the palms are coolest, and drink the cool cup of His mercy."

Then down the ripe grain passed a wind singing and fragrant,
And for a step unseen parted the ripening wheat-blades,
And every worn, tired reaper that patiently reaped in the silence
Knew to the close, soul-near, walked beside us the Master. *S. M. O'Malley.*

SOUTHERN DIALECT IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.

STRICTLY speaking, there is no Southern dialect, as indeed there is no dialect any where in America. I use the word rather for convenience of name than for any other reason, for it comes nearer conveying an idea and requires less explanation than any other term I could employ. If one will be accurate, one must speak of peculiarities in Southern speech that would strike an Englishman or a Northerner, rather than of a dialect. The nearest approach to a dialect may be found in some remote, sparsely-settled mountain region, where, on account of isolation, the language has suffered an arrest of development for perhaps a hundred years—such a region as Craddock has recently discovered to the reading world; but even there, though we find many more old words and meanings in use than elsewhere, usage is not so sustained and consistent as to form a dialect.

It is, perhaps, well known that a New Englander or a New Yorker, coming South, observes peculiarities not only in tone and pronunciation, but also in words used, far more than when he goes West; and certain characteristics of the speech of the educated classes strike him quite as forcibly as any among the lower classes. These peculiarities I shall, for the sake of convenience, separate into several general divisions, and give then the explanation that seems most plausible in each case.

First, then, the stranger would observe, mainly in the conversation, but to some extent also in the written speech, of the educated classes, certain words, forms of words, and meanings that have old English or provincial English authority, but which are obsolete, or fast becoming so, elsewhere. The most common of these are, perhaps, the following: Bat the eye (to wink), biddable (obedient), candle-light, carry (take, conduct), dansy (dull), doted (decayed), drouth and heighth (drought and height) favor (resemble, cf. G. Eliot's *feature*), fair off (clear off), feaze (fret), frazle or frazzle (unravel, cf. General Gordon's remark to General Lee at Appomattox, "My division is worn down to a *frazzle*"), gaum (to smear), heap (very many), learn (teach), low (short), mighty (very), mistress (pronounced in full, as in Shakespeare's time, instead of *missess*), peakèd (thin), poor (pronounced pore), quality (people of —), quit (to stop), reckon, right (adv., very), ride (drive), ridiculous (outrageous), rising

(swelling, cf. Lev. xiii, 2), sad (of bread, heavy), seap (of water, to ooze), seapy, sick (ill), servant (slave), slick (smooth), snack (lunch), and "go snacks" (go shares), sobby (of wet land), suspicion (suspect), summons (vb., used twice by the Adjutant-General of Tennessee in the recent Chattanooga riot dispatches), trash (as "poor white trash"), tole (to lure), trig (neat), to use (to frequent), wall (to roll the eye).

Another division I make to comprise words and phrases used to some extent by the educated, and confined more or less to the South, but which have not, so far as I know, old or provincial English authority; for instance, aggravate (provoke), bit (twelve and one half cents), boy (negro servant), branch (brooklet), clever (kind-hearted, obliging), come back (come again), comical (strange), in Virginia, and its counterpart *funny*, in South Carolina, cymbling or simlin (squash), designing (of evil intent), disremember, evening (afternoon), fuss (quarrel, also noise), fyse (dog), "go by and stop" (call), infair (groom's wedding feast), lay by (cease work on crops), lie down (go to bed), light-bread (loaf), light wood (pine kindling), *never* did it (didn't do it), pack (carry), passage (hall), pitch (college term, "pluck"), powerful (adv., very), season (shower), suit of hair, tackey (shoddy), tell (say, e. g., "tell good-bye"), tricks (little ornaments, etc.), tote (carry).

Thirdly, I notice certain peculiarities of pronunciation that are more or less general in the South; for instance, *clear*, *dear*, *fear*, *bear*, *near*, *tear*, etc., pronounced in the South, *clēar*, *dēar*; so *hyēre* for *hēre*; furthermore, a carelessness in enunciating final syllables, producing, for example *-er* for *-ow*, *winder* for *window*, dropping *r* and *re*, so also *g*, and often *d* and *t*. While I am not sure but that this pronunciation of such words as *fear*, *hear*, might be shown to be a survival of old English pronunciation, it may be due to the principle in philology that the Germans call *Lässigkeit* (carelessness, laziness). It requires, for example, more effort to say *nēar* than *nēar*, and this pronunciation may be, in effect, the result of the same influence which makes the typical Southerner speak more slowly and drawl more than the Yankee. The tendency to slur final syllables, this same *Lässigkeit*, which causes the loss of many a *g* final even among the English nobility, as Richard Grant White has shown, owes its ex-

cessive influence among the Southern whites to contact with the negroes.

Fourthly, there is the Virginia peculiarity—current also in South Carolina to a considerable extent—*cyar*, *gyarden*, etc. (peculiar pronunciation of *a* after *c* and *g*, before *r*; also in *girl*, *guide*, *kind*). This is undoubtedly a survival in part, a “breaking,” as it is termed, present already in the Anglo-Saxon (*e. g.* *geard*) and provincial English (*e. g.* *kynd*), but doubtless carried further by analogy.

Fifthly, we have in some parts of South Carolina, principally on the sea-board, *air*, *bear*, *fair*, *hair*, *pair*, *prayer*, *stair*, *there*, *where*, *sweat*, etc., pronounced as if spelt *ēar*, *fēar*, etc. It is about the same pronunciation that survives in *chair* (cheer), *scare* (skeer), which is still not uncommon among the educated of certain sections, thanks to the influence of negro nurses. It is exceedingly interesting, now, to find in Chaucer *hair* written generally *heer* or *here*; “*hir heer was yelow*,” and this rhyming with *feir* (fair), and this again with *eyre* (air); so *dispeir* and *cir*, *where* and *geere*, *preyere* (and *praiere*) and *deere*, *theer*, and *eer*, *bere* (noun) and *spere*;²⁶ and with this compare Spenser, who rhymes *heare* (hair) with *appeare* and *deare*, in which cases I presume that *deare* is pronounced *dēar*, the present Southern, and perhaps once the common, pronunciation. No doubt French Huguenot influence helped to retain this pronunciation in South Carolina, but the source of it is the speech of Chaucer's time.

Thus far I have confined my attention mainly to peculiarities in the speech of the better classes, and find these to consist principally in the survival of old forms; meanings, or pronunciations. What is the explanation? J. F. Lonnbury, in the *International Magazine*, May, 1880, has this to say about “The English Language in America”: “The colloquial speech of this country has, therefore, little to boast of in the way of originality. In regard to it, moreover, we can make a still further assertion. The colloquial speech of the educated class in America is to some extent archaic, compared with that of the similar class in England. This is due to the operation of certain causes, which are well known to students of language. A tongue carried from one land to another, and keeping up no communication with the tongue

of the mother country, undergoes what is technically called an arrest of development. The words and phrases and meanings in use at the time of separation remain fixed in the language which has been transported. On the other hand, changes are constantly taking place in the language which has been left behind. It abandons words and phrases once widely employed; it introduces words and phrases hitherto unknown. In this development the transported speech does not share. It clings to the vocabulary with which it started; and as regards the terms constituting it, and the meanings given them, it is apt to remain stationary. A development of its own the speech of the colony may have, it is true, but it is different from the development which characterizes the speech of the mother country. It is inevitable that the language of the former, in contrast with that of the latter, comes to be to a large extent archaic.” The same writer shows, in proof, that of the words, phrases, and constructions found by Mr. W. Aldis Wright “in the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, which are obsolete in his country in the sense that they no longer find a place naturally in the ordinary prose writing of the time,” “about one sixth would apparently be used without thought or hesitation by an American author.” He mentions, further, the effect of the King James Version on New England speech especially.

What he says of America in general is peculiarly true of the South. The people have been more fixed in their habitations than those of any other part of the country; they have devoted themselves more exclusively to agriculture, which of course tended to render them more conservative in every respect; there was less communication between that section and the outside world than was the case with any other part of America, and this exclusiveness increased, necessarily, as the world, and especially the North, set its face more and more against slavery. Then, too, there was always the close intercourse between the whites of the better class and the negroes, with the result that the dialect of the latter, made up by half, perhaps, of the dialectic peculiarities of the lower classes in England, kept pouring these old words and forms and meanings back into the language of the whites. Bible language, too, has had great influence; for though it may not be claimed that the South has studied the Bible more than New England, it has been, in its way, quite as religious, and nowhere have

²⁶A survival of the same kind is no doubt the pronunciation *wear* for *were*, so common all over the country, for Chaucer has *were* and *weere* rhyming with *beere*.

Bible teachings been so little questioned. To this must be added the kind of reading done generally in the South before the war. As a rule the educated people of country districts read little in the magazines and current literature of their own country; but they were familiar, to some extent, with the *Edinburgh Review*, still more with the *Spectator*, and far better versed in Scott, Addison, Milton, and Shakespeare, than in later writers. "I know* a gentleman from one of the most retired districts of South Carolina, who is pretty well educated, and is a great reader, but has few books. He has, I remember, Scott's novels, a collection of British poets, a copy of Shakespeare, a few medical works, and perhaps some other books, but not very many. His custom is to commence with the first volume of Scott, for instance, and read them all through; and, when he has finished the whole set, begin over again. Magazines and reviews he rarely sees, and the later poets and novelists he scarcely knows. It would not be strange if his language had a flavor of Scott.

"W. H. Page, writing of 'An Old Southern Borough' in the *Atlantic* for May, 1881, says, concerning the class of which I have been speaking: 'You will find old gentlemen who know Shakespeare and Milton, but not one in a thousand knows any thing of Longfellow and Tennyson. Not unfrequently, much to your surprise, you may learn that one of these guardians of the post-office has read Byron and Burns annually for the last ten years, and he is perfectly familiar with every character in Scott. When he writes or makes a speech he leaves his inert conversational tone entirely and employs a diction and manner that have an antique Addisonian dignity and profusion.'† One is reminded immediately, on reading that last sentence, of Craddock's "General Vayne." Before leaving this branch of the subject I must allude to certain corrupt forms of speech, which are not peculiar to the South, and not used by every body in the South, but which are, nevertheless, distressingly common even in circles where people ought to know better. These are, for instance, expect (for suspect), like (for as, or as if, "he looked like he was born tired," said a college president),

like(d) (for *had like*, or was like, as "I *like(d)* to have fell"), meet up with (written me by a professor recently), raise (bring up; the late Dr. Summers used to say to his pupils, "We *raise* pigs, not people"), rock (stone), that-a-way, you-all, and we-all (just a little better than *you-uns* and *we-uns*, and the same thing in effect), wait on (wait for), and *shall* for *will*, and *vice versa*. This last is an Irish and Scotch as well as an American peculiarity, but it is perhaps more common in most parts of the South than any where else in the United States. The *Nation* gave, recently, some rules for the correct use. The best guide, that I know, to a clear distinction, was given by W. C. Benet in an excellent essay on "Americanisms," from which I have derived great pleasure as well as profit:

"*Shall* in the first person simply foretells;
In *will* a threat or else a promise dwells.
Shall in the second and third does threaten;
Will simply then foretells the future feat."

Human nature is utterly depraved in reference to certain grammatical inaccuracies, especially double negatives. The Greek never tried to resist the inclination; nor did the old English; nor do many people now-a-days in conversation. The inclination to go back into it is something like the tendency to lapse into sin. We have, too, the negro always with us to cultivate the inclination to this and like errors. Any one who has tried to train a child to speak correctly knows the difficulty. I have seen a little fellow, who had been brought, by repeated and careful correction, to the point where he knew perfectly well what was right in ordinary speech, fall daily into all manner of loose idioms. If that is the case where great care is taken, what might be expected in the nine out of ten families that are utterly negligent on this point. But the present generation is better off in this respect than was the last, and the next will have a still greater advantage, thanks to the schools for the negroes, and the eagerness with which they embrace opportunities to learn.

It may not be out of place here to say that on the newspaper rests a great responsibility with regard to teaching English—correct use of words, grammar, and style; for the *daily* is so cheap and readable now-a-days, and there is such a press of business, and life is such a rush, that the reading of the average man and woman is confined mainly to the newspaper. But how few papers offer regularly good and correct and simple English to their readers! I

*From an article on "Southernisms," by the writer, published in *Transactions of American Philological Association*, 1883.

†Cf. "The Contributors' Club," *Atlantic*, September, 1880, and Professor Schele De Vere, *Americanisms*, pp. 321, 511, 541.

looked hastily over the pages of a single issue of a daily paper recently and found, in a little time, twenty-six mistakes, most of them of the baldest sort. What would be the good result if English like that in the *Nation*, for example, were read as constantly in families as is the ordinary daily paper! It is not to be expected, of course, that hastily prepared dailies should regularly attain such elegance and simplicity as this, but some of our own great dailies, and still more the English, show what might be.

Now, then, I have reached what might perhaps be called the subject proper, the point where the two branches of the subject meet, the dialect of the common people in the South. It is only the "Cracker," the mountaineer, the negro, that we dare to make talk naturally in our books; and the question is in how far our writers do make these classes talk naturally? We are getting to have abundance of literature of this kind. Indeed, these classes, with the Creoles, are filling pretty much the whole field just now. Is it the retribution of fate? Just those classes that were ignored in the consideration of what constituted the South before the war now form the picturesque part of our literature; they furnish material for studies and stories, for hasty sketches and longer novels, and we find in their lives the pathetic, as well as the humorous and ridiculous. We might have thought once, that it was Northern interest in the negro which gave "Uncle Remus" so ready a reception, but we find that Craddock and Cable get as willing an audience in the North as Harris. And we ourselves are as much charmed by sketches and studies of these classes as are the Northern people; and naturally so, because our best Southern prose writing is done in this field. Indeed, it is not yet certain that even Craddock will be successful with characters drawn from the higher life. "Where the Battle was Fought" was almost a failure; with one exception, General Vayne, only the common characters were successfully drawn. Cable is the only one of our leading writers who succeeds with characters from the upper circles, and even his highest success is not there—witness "Madame Delphine."

What is the cause of this change of feeling? Is it because Southern ante-bellum novels describing the old-time life were so poor, as compared with the new Southern literature; or is it because even Southerners have gotten tired of hearing of the grand life of a few people of the olden days? Is it because the aristocratic spirit is gone, and the democratic has come?

Is it a sign that our hearts are more open to the world, our sympathies more enlarged?

And yet, though literary interest centers just now on the lower classes, there is fame in store for some Southerner who has the genius properly to see and gather up the elements of the old higher life of the South—to gather them now while some of that life still remains in reality and in the memories of living men—and set them truly before the world, not to make a defense or an apology, but simply to tell the truth. But such an one must be a satirist and humorist as well as a panegyrist—before the war he dared only be the latter; he must be judicially fair as well as perfectly fearless. We shall not like at first many things he will say, as witness Mr. Cable's experience with the Creoles; but he must say them all the same, and if there is much condemnation, as well as praise, we shall at last accept it, because a democratic age must find much to condemn in an aristocratic one. And we shall do for such a writer what New Orleans will yet do for Cable—erect a monument to him for saying the very things about life in New Orleans for which it now condemns him.

We have three great dialect writers in the South—Cable, Harris, and Craddock. With regard to Mr. Cable's rendering of the Creole dialect, I can give no opinion, as I have had no opportunity to study it. But it seems to me quite clear that the evidence is rather for, than against, him on point of accuracy. But even if he were proved to have misrepresented the Creoles in this respect as much as some claim, his Creole stories have an interest all their own, which must make them live, just as is the case with Craddock's stories of the Tennessee Mountains. I confess to so great a fondness for Mr. Cable's writings, to such an admiration for the genius which created "Madame Delphine"—showing, it seems to me, greater promise and a more delicate touch than any thing since Hawthorne—that I can not help believing it is all right.

Joel Chandler Harris is certainly the most accurate writer of the negro dialect, and even of the "Cracker" dialect, both in phonetic rendering and in reproduction of the real spirit, that the South has yet produced. The negro dialect has never been perfectly rendered by any other writer.* Always after reading

* Professor James A. Harrison has published a remarkable essay on "Negro English" in the *Anglia* (Ed. vii. Heft. iii, 1884). All that he gives belongs to Negro English, but a great deal of it is not peculiar to

him I came back to my first conclusion, that it is almost faultless. If a stranger should ask now, or future ages wish to know, how the negro talked, there it is embalmed, and, best of all, along with it so much of the negro folklore. This is Mr. Harris's peculiar field. He succeeded well with a "moonshiner's" story, "At Teague Poteet's," rendered the dialect truly, I think; but if we compare that story with "Mingo" or "Free Joe," we know where he is most at home. "At Teague Poteet's" may be as accurate a photograph as the other two, and yet it is not as life-like, does not show as perfect sympathy with the characters. In "Mingo" and "Free Joe" he produces the same effect that Craddock does in her sketches of mountain life. I believe that Mr. Harris has rendered a more literally true account of the actual life of the mountains in "At Teague Poteet's," than Miss Murfree has in any of her sketches, perhaps, and yet, after all, not so true. Craddock has the genius to see and sympathize with the nobler elements in which the hard life of the mountains is not wholly lacking, and still more has she the soul for the beauty and sublimity of the mountains themselves; and so we get from her the more truly real. She and Harris have their peculiar fields. When he crossed over into hers, he had most gratifying success, but not so great as on his own soil; what she could do in his line remains to be seen.

The point where Miss Murfree is weakest, though she is strong even there, is in her dialect. I criticised, recently, in the *Nation*, as did also Professor Alexander, of Knoxville, some of her words and phrases. Afterward I went to the Smoky Mountains partly to test this very question, and may briefly tell what I saw and heard there.

I went on foot, stayed at the cabins of the mountaineers, with the poorest, as well as with those that were better off. I find that Craddock's stories help one to appreciate the beauty and sublimity of these august mountains, the cloud effects, the play of light and color,

the grand sweep of the mountain ridges, the awful quiet of mountain solitudes, and the magnificent stretches of vision. They are delightful mountains, covered with a splendid growth of trees with the richest foliage, and, wherever there is an open space, with rank grass, for the soil is deep and fertile. The water of the mountain springs is almost icy cold, and flowing down every ravine are noisy, sparkling brooks, which are busy and babbling the year round, being fed regularly by the constant rains on the summits. No one lives on the summits except a few cattle herders, who stay up there from May to October, in charge of the cattle of the surrounding country that are sent there to graze. Besides these may be found, at intervals of five to ten miles, on the mountain sides a lonely log cabin by some stream. The mountaineers are cove-dwellers. In the densely wooded and uninhabited higher mountains rattlesnakes abound; wolves, too, which are, however, so shy as rarely to be seen, though they make sheep-raising unprofitable in the coves. There are still bears enough to furnish a chase at any time, and plenty of deer, wild turkeys, wild cats, pheasants, and trout in the mountain streams.

Among the poorer people corn-bread, bacon, coffee without sugar, and milk—with Irish potatoes, snap-beans, and cucumbers in the summer time—are the staple articles of food. They have little fruit, even apples being scarce, though this is one of the best apple-growing regions in the country. They sleep on featherbeds winter and summer, rise at dawn, and eat by sunrise. They do not "keep their health" as well as might be expected, their chief ailment being "liver-complaint;" at which no one who has observed their cooking, their sleeping, and their habits generally, will be surprised, especially when he takes into consideration the kind of doctors that prey upon them. They spin and weave their own cloth, go barefooted about home, men and women, and many of the latter chew tobacco as well as "dip." The women are lean and sallow and unprepossessing, with a lack-luster expression generally, which I observed, however, more among the younger than the older, and more among the unmarried than the married. Craddock is right, however, in putting into most of her stories at least one handsome woman; for, as if by a freak of nature, one meets now and then, in a most unexpected place, a woman whose looks would make an impression in city society, if she were clad in modern garb.

Negro English. As some one said, at least half the words might be heard any day so pronounced by the "low whites" of a New England town. It seems to me a mistake to call a negroism what is simply a survival of old or provincial English usage. In many cases Professor Harrison showed the old English origin of the usage, but in others he did not; and he did not say that such usages were simply borrowed by the negroes from the whites of the lower class and returned by them often to the whites of the upper class.

Chaucer's phrase, "Children an heepe," applies every where in the mountains, for this is the one unfailing household article. The men and women are, generally, as Craddock represents them, of few words—though now and then one finds a great talker, like Mr. Warner's "Big Tom Wilson;" and when the men talk the women generally sit quietly by without taking any part.

There are no "wild-cat stills" now, and consequently little drunkenness, and the people are eminently peaceable, though I was told that the old feelings which divided them in 1861—most going into the Union army and into the Republican party after the war—are apt to crop out at election times. Their hospitality is remarkable. I found, to give an example, on "The Bald"—perhaps the place where "Pa'son" Kelsey, the prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, used to go to pray—the poorest man I ever saw. In his one-room log-cabin there were two rude bedsteads, with scanty, ragged covering, three chairs and a water-pail, and the occupants were the herder, a lean six-footer, his wife, three children—the baby lying in a little dug-out, like a kneading trough on rockers—and a mother-in-law. When we asked for dinner, the man said: "Well, boys, hit's mighty rough, but ef you-uns kin eat it you're mo'n welcome ter it." They had no meal or flour—"were out, and had'nt had time ter go arter none"—and the meal consisted of small Irish potatoes, roasted, and to be eaten with the skin on them, snap-beans, fat bacon, and butter-milk. When we offered pay, the man declined it, saying, "he'd never tuck no pay fer nothin' ter eat in his life, an' he'd hyeard his father say he'd never tuck none, and he never 'spected ter take none."

I was in search of dialect, and thought here I should find it, if any where, for this man had been born and brought up in these mountains, had never ridden on a railway, and got only the rarest glimpses of civilization. After dinner the host seated himself on the floor, leaning back against the wall, while the two tramps sat in two of the chairs, and the mother-in-law in the third. The wife was not present. The mother-in-law was a picture as she leaned back against the wall, chewing, and spitting through a crack in the floor, and eager to hear something from the cities in the "valley country." Our host had been a Unionist, and was now a Republican, but had not voted for either presidential candidate, and did not like Blaine because he "seemed ter be a savage kind of a

feller." "He had hyeard ther might be a war 'twixt the Republicans and Dimercrats, but, as he hadn't hyeard any mo' about it, he reckined ther wan't gwine ter be none." He was a long way behind the times, had not even heard of *Sam Jones*, the fame of whose doings had gone deeper into the mountains than any other of recent events. But he had good ideas of civil-service reform, for when, in reply to his question as to "how things was a-gittin' on at Washington," I told him how the President treated the chronic office-seekers, he was mightily pleased, and thought Cleveland would "suit him about as well as if he wuz a Republican." Like all mountaineers, he was contented with his lot, would not live any where else, thought the mountaineers had most of the good things of life, and seemed to be quite of the opinion of another mountaineer who said "Nashville was the nastiest place he ever seed;" though he did confess that "the mountain was a bad place ter raise chillern; no school, nor Sunday-school, nor meetin', nor nothin', and the chillern jest as wild as they could be." But I was disappointed as to dialect. I did not hear a word or a pronunciation that I was not perfectly familiar with.

I found about the same hospitality every where. At one herder's cabin, where we had dinner, supper, lodging—on the floor, it is true—breakfast, and a pone of bread for lunch, the man was induced to take very reluctantly a quarter of a dollar a-piece, and seemed to try to relieve his conscience then by saying: "Well, fellers, ef you-uns cross the mountain about dinner time, you'd better come by an' git yer dinner; you-uns hain't got the wuth of yer quarter yit." It is perfectly proper, and indeed customary, if one finds one of these herder's cabins in the absence of the proprietor, to help oneself to whatever food one can find; in short, to cook, eat, and sleep, just as if the cabin were one's own.

Just here I should like to call attention to one mistake which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has been led to make in his graphic articles, "On Horseback," published in the *Atlantic*. It is the story on which the *Nation* (July 23d) moralizes as follows: "Man is there very close to the soil. Such a story as that of the woman who gazed curiously at the minister praying with her to see what he was about, and said, 'Why, a man did that when he 'put my girl in a hole,' is in fact a very hideous thing." Many of the aspects of mountain life are hideous enough, but this ig-

norance of what religion and prayer are is not one of them. Mr. Warner has been imposed upon; the story can not be true. Comparing my own tramps with those of others, I have been able to get information from nearly every quarter of Western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and Southwest Virginia, and I venture to affirm that there is not a person in those mountains who has not frequently attended religious service of some kind, and does not know what prayer is.

A few words that were new to me I got here and there, and succeeded in adding to my store the gatherings of other tourists, as will be indicated below. One peculiarity in the manner of address I observed in these mountains: we were never addressed as "gentlemen;" "men" seemed to be the title of respect. Some visitors of their own class from the coves were alluded to as "them gentlemén," but our title was "men," which, as we were young, was apt to drop speedily to the more familiar "fellers" and "boys."

During a two days' stay in Cade's Cove, where the most original people were said to be, we attended a primitive Baptist foot-washing service, which would draw together, we were told, all the ignorance of that part of the mountains, but we got little in the way of dialect, though we heard two sermons that surpassed any hard-shell sermon ever put into print. One of the original settlers of the cove was still living and I went to see her. She would be ninety-nine in August, she told me, "hadn't hardly any sense left," and "her hair wuz a comin' out powerful." When she first came into the cove she was "afear'd ter go outer doors; Injuns wuz a-slippin' about, an' var-mints; they had no sof' wheat bread an' sich like, an' stock was awful sca'ce." I was thankful to hear her son speak of an Indian burying place that was "kivered *severely*" with stones, but from the old woman I got little in the way of dialect, and less of tradition—owing to her loss of memory; nor did I fare better in this respect with a spry old "granny" of seventy, whom I met just as she, drenched to the skin, was completing a trip of fifty miles on horseback across the mountains from North Carolina into Tennessee.

The trip confirmed me in my previous opinion, that Craddock's dialect was too consistent, that many words and phrases caught up from dialect stories of other sections had been put into the mouths of these people, and that finally the vocabulary was too limited. The

mountaineers were considerably amused at some of the words that I told them they had been made to use. No one was aware that these mountains had recently become famous in literature.

Just here I may call attention to the pronunciation, *kem* (come), *kentry* (country), which Craddock puts into the mouths of the Smoky Mountain people, and Maurice Thompson into those of Sand Mountain, Alabama. I do not believe it is correct in either case. That pronunciation is current in Indiana, Iowa, and perhaps in Missouri, and that may be the explanation in both cases. Furthermore, *mounting* is heard in North Carolina, but not in East Tennessee.

On one point I may have been in error in criticising Craddock's dialect: in the use of *as* for the relative *that*, which I have never heard, but have since found in the dialect stories of other Southern writers, besides its use in such phrases as, "He's a man *as* is a man," current in East Tennessee.*

*Miss Murfree might add to her mountain vocabulary from "Sut Lovingood's Yarns"—rough, many of them very poor, but giving, I think, the dialect in the main correctly—among others, the following words, all of which have English dialect authority: blather (chatter, talk nonsense), crock (earthen bowl), flustrated (excited or confused), doated (decayed), giblets (fragments, tatters), momox or mommocks (cut any thing awkwardly), nonate (corruption of narrate, or orate [?]), quille (coll), sassararer (certiorari)—in Georgia, sossoraters—English dialect, sassarara), seronch (crunch, crush), scrimshun (scrimption, a very little), squawk (squeak), unbeknownst.

And to those, the following, for which I am indebted, in large part, to Professor Alexander, of Knoxville, may be added. They all have the authority of old or dialect English, and many of them belong to all parts of the South, if not elsewhere: antic (active), bad (sick), bail (handle of pail), bealing (a swelling), brash (impetuous), contrary (to oppose, provoke), cracklings (hog fat after lard is fried out), dreem (drain), endurable (lasting), faze ("It didn't faze [disturb] them"—cf. Halliwell, *feaze*, worry, tease), fernent (opposite), gallaces or gallows (suspenders), gears (harness), gee together (agree), itching (as "itching for a whipping"—cf. Hall, to be very anxious), less (not so tall), and least (cf. Judg. vi, 15 and Matt. xiii, 32), lasty (lasting), let on (as "I never let on"), master (excellent, or adv. very), near (stingy), pomped (pampered), powerful (very), power of (large quantity), put upon (impose on), red (to put in order—as, "red a room"), redding-comb (no doubt connected with last), rench (rinse), sarchin' (of medicine), to size (to estimate), skimpy (scanty, cf. Hall, *skimping*), sour milk (butter-milk), siteren (sisters), sweltry (sultry), swipe (sweep), taking (infectious, cf. *catching*), usen (accustomed, cf. Chaucer, *usaunt*).

And there are still others which have not, so far as I know, the authority of old English: all-fired (very, exceedingly), ambia or ambeer (tobacco-juice), ambitious (of a horse, spirited), board (shingle *vs.* plank), breaking out (eruption), choose (at table, "I wouldn't

The *Nation's* review of Craddock's "Down the Ravine" had this to say of the speech of the mountaineers: "It is doubtful if the word dialect, in any strict sense, can be applied to it. This has been used for want of a better, but it is too exact, too restricted. These people, in their mountain solitudes, are not preserving an ancient speech like the Northern dalesmen or the Dorset peasants. It is simply the deterioration, by illiteracy and isolation, of the language carried there a century ago, now and again reinforced by some strong imagination, or by the half-learning of men like the circuit-riders." This is partly correct. There is, strictly speaking, no dialect; but it is a mistake to say it is simply deterioration of the language carried there a century ago. A language might deteriorate any time from such causes in the way of such forms as *an(d)*, *dou(t)*, *las(t)*, *mo(re)*, *worl(d)*, *deffern't*, *ef*, etc.; but *afeard*, *afore*, *abouten*, *withouten*, *clomb*, *crope*, *holp*, *peert*, *usen*, bear the stamp of antiquity. We must not think of it at all as a speech, once substantially correct, which has deteriorated into what we now hear in the mountains, but as preserving, not one English dialect it is true, but forms, from various English dialects, which, of course, became considerably mixed in the mingling in America of people from the different English counties. I consider it then the result of a mixing of various dialect forms quite as much as of deterioration. All writers on dialect are correct in representing the mountaineers, as a class, as people of few words. Their wants are few, their ideas are few, and a small vocabulary suffices to express these. They have no need to coin new words; about the same wants and the same words to express them are handed down from sire to son. Some one writing, a year or two ago, of a trip to the mountains of Tennessee, said the speech of the mountaineers impressed him as if he had been suddenly transferred to Chaucer's time. The feeling was natural, and if we read over a list taken from

choose any"), commonality (generality), cow-beast or cow-brute (cow), disfurnish (deprive, cf. Eng. dial. *discomfart*), endurin' (during), factory (factory thread), fecty ("bigity"), fire-board (mantle-piece), holp up (encouraged), home-made sugar (maple-sugar), ill (cross, vicious, "some rattle-snakes are iller'n others"), let alone (as "let alone that," "to say nothing of that"), mineral (gold or silver), oodlins or oodles (large quantity), 'sang (ginseng), set up (as "set up to table, men; supper's ready, sich as it is"), spells (sickness, fits), shingles (eruption on skin), spit (image, counterpart), spy (for guide), sign (track of wild beast), tame (of fruit, opposed to wild).

Chaucer of words, meanings, and pronunciations, which now belong to the speech of the uneducated, we see what strong support my view of the formation of this dialect has.*

I have devoted much space to the dialect of the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, because, except among the Creoles and the negroes of some sections, we have here more of what may be called dialect than any where else in the South. Returning, now, to Southern dialect writers, one thing that forcibly strikes any body who reads much in this kind of literature is the wonderful advance recently made. What a world of distance between the "Georgia Scenes" and "Major Jones's Courtship," the best of the old-time tales, and the stories of Craddock and Harris! If one wishes to see the rough language of a primitive settlement reproduced with substantial accuracy, he can find that of the common people of East Tennessee in "Sut Lovingood's Yarns," but they are outrageously rough, and most of them dreadfully tiresome. About the same opinion I should express of "Simon Suggs,"

* Abouten, afeard, afore, aforne, agáyn (again) and agein (against), any weyes, axe (ask), badder (worse), bar (bare), beast (horse), pl. beestes, bide or byde (abide), breken (break), cause why (now a vulgarism), certain (certainly, "*mordre wol out certeyn*"), clean gone, come (came), cote (dress or gown), clombe, also copen, holpen, holpe, holden, hette (heated), molte (melted), contráiree, cryke (creek), cursednesse, dar (dare), eet (ate), ete (eaten), farwel, fer (far, "the *fer* cause and the *ny* cause"), fite, and sixte, poore *folkes, for to* (with infinitive), fowel, foweles (cf. Craddock's *owel*), fool (foolish, "*fool wommen*"), for why, gardyn, gesse (as used in the North), gif (give) and gove (given), gret, gretter, more gretter, and gretteste, gunne (begun), heap ("the wisdom of an *hepe* of learned men"), honey ("his hony deere"), halt and hilde (held), *halffen*-doole, hit (it), I is, kynne (akin), Lord (as exclam.), lef (leave), left (for let, "*lefte her lye*"), lene (lend), lepte (leaped), leye (wager), lighte (alight, "*doun they lighte*"), maister (chief), mo', mowes (cf. Craddock's "*moving*" of an idiot), nor no (double neg.), nother (neither) and other (either), a-nother (another), peert, pore (poor), right (very), rit (rode), rist (rose), writ (wrote), shette (shut), slyk (smooth), soon (for early, "*I went soon to bed*," and "*let us soon at eve*"), let slyde (so-called Americanism), snaw (snowed), sodeyn (quick, impetuous), sterres (stars), soun (sound) and expoun, strouted (cf. strut, or, over-full), study (think), souple (supple), suster (sister), swiche and sich, teeches (touches), ther and thar, togider, toder and tother, tulle (tole), up (verb), ugly (bad[?]), usaunt (usen, used), were and weere (rhyming with beere), wher (whether), withouten, wrathed (wrathy), twenty-yeer (years), yer (year), yond. Besides these, numerous examples such as *set-en* (for sit), *senge* (sing), *freng*, *meracle*, etc.; on the other hand, *brist*, *chist*, *instid*, *twinty*, *yit*, *yis*; so *keverede* (covered), *besy*, *onstedfastness*.

though I like it rather better. Most people will find all that they will care to read of these and such books in the selections given by Mr. Watterson in his "Oddities in Southern Life and Character."

From Richard Malcolm Johnston's "Dukeborough Tales" to Harris's and Craddock's stories the step is perhaps as great—in rendering of the dialect as well as in literary merit—as from "Major Jones's Courtship."

"Sherwood Bonner's" untimely death cut off one of our most promising writers in this kind of literature. Her stories reproduced the spirit of the South with remarkable fidelity, and while her sketches were more crude than Craddock's, and less accurate in point of dialect than Harris's, still we all recognized before her death that radiant genius which Mr. Longfellow's kindred spirit hailed at once. What she did was but a promise of what she could do, and had she lived only a little longer we should certainly have written the three names,

Harris, Craddock, and Sherwood Bonner, side by side, and next after Cable's.

There is not much to criticise, I think, in Maurice Thompson's rendering of the "Cracker" dialect, as for instance in "Hudson's Hide-Out," published in the *Century*, and in his latest novel, "At Love's Extremes;" but it does not impress me as having either the accuracy of Mr. Harris's dialect, or the readability of Miss Murfree's.

There is not time to speak of single dialect stories of even extraordinary merit, by either Northern or Southern writers; such, for example, as "Dinky," by Mary Beale Brainerd, and "The Bishop's Vagabond," by Octave Thanet, both published in the *Atlantic*.

I must close with the remark, that he who compares Southern literature as it is, in any line, with Southern literature as it was before 1860, must lack patriotism if his heart does not swell with pride in what is, and augur brighter things still for the years to come.

Charles Forster Smith.

A DEW-DROP IN NOVEMBER.

Flash and glitter, dew-drop,
In the meadows lone,
Blaze thy rubied splendor
On thy emerald throne,
Like a fairy monarch
Dropt from Hesper's zone;
But the eyes wherewith I viewed thee
When, in my youth, morn strewed thee
On the vernal grass before me, are o'erchanged
and shadowed quite,
For the days are growing colder,
And my heart is growing older,
And the stars that lit my morning are declining
into night.

Topaz of Oberon,
Glorianna's tear!
Thou hast less of splendor
And less beauty every year!
When will the old eyes open;
Childhood's morn draw near?
Ah! I know now that forever
Glides the last down Time's dark river,
That the birds that cheered our morning never
at our noon can sing;
That no more will dawn the sweetness
Of youth's fairy-like completeness,
For the sere leaf of November hath no freshness
of the spring.

Dew-drop, gentle dew-drop!
Magian of the grass!
Diamond of Aurora!
Mystic wizard's glass!
Like thee, me the swift sunbeams
Shall wither as they pass;
Yet within my spirit's embers
Dwells the warmth of past Novembers,
A deep, heart-adoration for all lowly things
like thee,
For, tho' gone fore'er the lightness
Of morn's most seraphic brightness,
'Yond the dusk of evening shadows burns the
twilight still for me.

Art thou gleaming, dew-drop,
On the pathway still?
Thou wilt pass, O! star-like!
Pass, and slumber chill
When winter's homeless snowflakes
Fall down upon the hill;
Yet I still would have thee quiver
Like a bubble on a river
'Neath the shadows, sunlight-rifted, like a pearl
whirled o'er and o'er,
Bringing back the past before me,
My lost childhood's impulse o'er me;
It gives hope to see the light-house, tho' we never
touch the shore.

Charles J. O'Malley.

FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO GETTYSBURG.

EARLY in May, 1863, the Federal army, under General Hooker, sustained a severe defeat before Chancellorsville. The important events which transpired during the two succeeding months, rapidly following upon each other, will forever form a marked epoch in the history of America.

Immediately after his defeat, Hooker withdrew his army to the left bank of the Rappahannock, and placed his troops in a position of probable security. Notwithstanding the disaster which befell him, Hooker still had over a hundred and twenty thousand men under his command.

The Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, after the fight at Chancellorsville, scarcely numbered seventy-five thousand men. But this disparity in numbers was more than compensated to the Confederates in the brilliant victory they had gained. That victory was saddened by the loss of the gallant commander of the Second corps, Lieutenant-General Jackson. When on that night in May, 1863, the news went forth to the army that Stonewall Jackson was dead, a strange tremor was felt throughout its ranks. It was as if some brilliant star, which his soldiers were accustomed to behold, had suddenly fallen.

Shortly after the death of Jackson, General Lee began to remodel the Army of Northern Virginia, and to place its organization in the utmost state of efficiency. That great soldier resolved to secure some of the valuable results of his recent victory over Hooker, and to this end he prepared for an undertaking long contemplated and frequently discussed, both at Richmond and with the chiefs of the Confederate army. This was no other than an invasion of Pennsylvania, the capture of the capital of that commonwealth, and to gain, if possible, a great Confederate victory upon her soil. This idea of transferring the seat of war from Virginia to Pennsylvania was neither new nor original with General Lee. As far back as September, 1862, Stonewall Jackson urged the expediency of the enterprise, and had his "mind's eye on it" when he marched into Maryland, in September of that year. The impregnable position that McClellan held at South Mountain, with the division of opinion at Richmond consequent upon the battle of Antietam, prevented it then. After the defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg in the following

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winter it was again discussed, and received much consideration at Richmond.

But strong objections presented themselves. The inclement season of the year and impassable condition of the roads, it was thought, might be attended with some danger in an enemy's country.

After the defeat of Hooker in May, 1863, the prestige of the Confederate victory put the army in high good humor for an onward movement.

Many arguments were used in support of the undertaking. It was urged that the prolonged and continual presence of the contending armies had completely impoverished the people of the Virginia valley and eaten up their subsistence; that the cavalry had become greatly reduced, and it was thought that plenty of fine horses and cattle, with the means of their support, could easily be procured in the rich and fertile counties of Southern Pennsylvania. It was also currently reported and believed that Hooker's well-known rashness as a commander would be certain to involve his army in some great calamity.

These suggestions had their weight with General Lee, but there were other reasons of greater moment that influenced the judgment of the commanding general and his government at Richmond. It was believed that public sentiment at the North had become greatly divided, and that many Republicans themselves, of high character, had become discouraged; that a very highly respectable element of the Northern people began to doubt the abilities of the "Washington authorities" to grapple with the tremendous forces against which they had thus far unsuccessfully contended.

It was therefore believed by General Lee and his government at Richmond, that if the State of Pennsylvania were invaded and a great victory gained upon her soil, and the Army of Northern Virginia placed between Washington and the army, the sentiment of the Northern people might turn in favor of peace and result in the recognition of Southern independence.

This was the central idea. Keeping it steadily in view, General Lee determined to push boldly forward from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, seize the capital of the commonwealth and fight a decisive battle somewhere upon her soil.

Harrisburg was Lee's objective point. From the moment he left Fredericksburg he never suffered any thing to interfere with this object until the evening of the 29th of June, when circumstances obliged the commanding General to change the whole character of the campaign. Even on the night of the 29th of June, when Lee countermanded the order to attack Harrisburg, General Ewell was before the city and covered it with his artillery.

The reader will mark well every movement made by the great commander until the 29th of June in order to obtain a distinct view of the aims and objects of the Pennsylvania invasion.

Some writers have asserted that the Gettysburg campaign commenced in the fight at Beverley's Ford on the 9th of June. In view of this fact, the writer will detain the reader to notice some engagements of the cavalry in justice to the memory of the gallant General Stuart. In the fight at Beverley's Ford, on the 9th of June, between Stuart's cavalry and the Federal cavalry under General Pleasanton, it was claimed, as usual, as a great victory for the Federal commander. In the afternoon of the day the advance of the Confederate infantry arrived, and General Lee was personally present on the field, and if he had given the order General Pleasanton would have been utterly routed and hopelessly crushed before he could have passed the narrow fords of the Rappahannock.

The commanding general did not wish to precipitate a general engagement in order to gain a temporary advantage that might in any way delay his movements on the capital of Pennsylvania.

From General Lee's conduct on this occasion, General Longstreet reached the conclusion that the campaign in Pennsylvania would be "offensive in strategy," and "defensive in tactics." In the fight at Beverley's Ford, General Pleasanton claimed that he captured the headquarters of General Stuart, with his official papers and orders from General Lee, from which he received the information of Lee's contemplated invasion of Pennsylvania.

Now General Pleasanton has thought proper from time to time to repeat this ridiculous statement under his own signature in periodicals and journals of repute. Pleasanton claimed that he captured Stuart's headquarters about a half mile from Beverley's Ford. The truth is that General Stuart's headquarters were at Fleetwood Hill, over three miles from Beverley's Ford, and General Pleasanton, as is well known, did not come within a cannon-shot of them. As for capturing Stuart's official orders from Lee, this statement is equally foolish, for General Lee did not give Stuart his official orders until the night of the 23d of June, two weeks after the battle of Beverley's Ford, as will be seen hereafter.

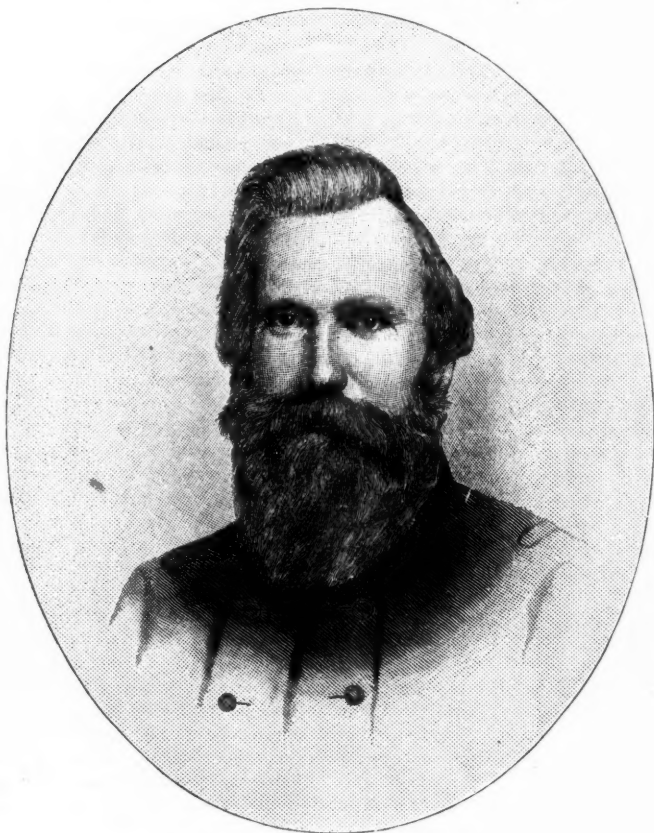
A desk belonging to Major Beckham, of Stuart's horse artillery, fell from the wagon, was picked up by some of Pleasanton's men, and got into that general's possession. It seems that a circular had been issued the night before directing certain movements of the cavalry for the next day; and from this circular General Pleasanton, perhaps, may have imagined that he discovered General Lee's design of invading Pennsylvania. It is well to notice how the Federal commanders and historians in treating of these facts contradict themselves and each other. Several Federal writers assure us that General Lee had intended to move direct on Washington, but the masterly strategy of Hooker compelled Lee to change his course and move into the valley west of the Blue Ridge. Another writer of high repute assures us that the severe defeat that was inflicted upon General Stuart at Beverley's, Aldie, and Upperville, cut the cavalry from its proper course and compelled Stuart to move around the Federal army. The circular above referred to was presented to Captain Carswell McClellan, then serving with the Fifth corps, as a souvenir of his brother, the gallant and accomplished Major H. B. McClellan, now of Lexington, Kentucky, at that time quite a young man, serving on the staff of General Stuart as his especial aid.

Both of these young men were Pennsylvanians, and full cousins of the distinguished general of the same name, George B. McClellan. After the action at Beverley's Ford, the corps of A. P. Hill and Longstreet remained in Culpeper County, Virginia, but that of General Ewell passed into and down the valley to Winchester. General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, with his brigade of cavalry, was in the advance of Ewell's corps down the valley—in front of the divisions of Rhodes and Early.

On Monday, the 15th of June, General Longstreet moved his corps to Ashby's and Snicker's gaps. The cavalry brigades of General William E. Jones and General Wade Hampton guarded the line of the Rappahannock until A. P. Hill's corps had passed into the val-

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GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

ley. After the corps of A. P. Hill and Ewell had passed into the valley, and were moving down the valley to Pennsylvania, two cavalry engagements took place, one at Aldie, the other at Upperville. The cavalry brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, commanded by Colonel Mumford, engaged the enemy at Aldie, and here took place one of the severest cavalry fights of the war. General Stuart was at Middleburg, and was aware of the approach of the Federal cavalry from Thoroughfare Gap. He immediately notified Colonel Mumford of his danger, and ordered the brigades of Robertson and Colonel Chambliss' to move at once to Middleburg. Stuart, having no force with him except his personal staff, retired to Rector's Cross-roads. Meantime, Colonel Mumford established himself at Aldie. About two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th

of June, the enemy advanced on Aldie, driving in Mumford's pickets on his main line, which was due west of the village.

The action that now followed was one of great severity. Mumford's lines commanded the road leading to Middleburg, as well as the one leading to Snickersville. Captain James Breckinridge, of the Second Virginia cavalry, commanded the squadron of pickets in falling back before the enemy. He was one of the ablest officers of his rank in the army, and in the battle that now ensued he greatly distinguished himself. Colonel Rosser, with the Fifth regiment, and Colonel Tom Owen, with the Third, behaved with their accustomed skill and bravery. Every effort on the part of the Federal cavalry to dislodge Mumford was bravely met and repulsed. Mumford only retired from the conflict when ordered by General Stuart to do

so. In retiring he brought off all his dead and wounded, and the enemy never even attempted to pursue him. If he had been defeated in this engagement this would have been impossible. Mumford fell back by the Snickersville road and encamped for the night without being disturbed.

Robertson's brigade reached Middleburg about dark, and found the village in possession of the First Rhode Island cavalry. He attacked the enemy, drove him out of the town, and pursued him for some distance up the same road by which he had advanced.

Stuart encamped for the night with Robertson's brigade around Middleburg, where he was joined next morning, Thursday, the 18th, by General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel Chambliss. The gallant Mumford was stationed on the left, at Union, five miles distant. No advance was made by the enemy on Thursday, but on the next day, Friday, the 19th, a heavy attack was made on both Confederate brigades west of Middleburg, and at the same time upon Colonel Mumford, then on the Snickersville road. The fighting along the Middleburg road was very severe, and, although the Confederates repulsed every attack made by the enemy, they were not strong enough to follow up with advantage. Stuart, therefore, determined to fall back and form a new line about half a mile to the rear, which offered greater advantages. Stuart withdrew under the fire of the enemy, who did not, on that day, make the least attempt to attack the new line when formed. General William E. Jones arrived on Friday evening with his brigade, and was posted at Union. Colonel Mumford moved a little further to the left to cover Snicker's Gap. General Wade Hampton did not arrive until Saturday, the 20th. Information was now received through Colonel John Mosby, the daring partisan commander, that the Federal cavalry at Aldie was supported by a large infantry force from the Fifth corps of Hooker's army. In view of these facts General Stuart resolved to assume the defensive until his forces could be concentrated. On Sunday morning, the 20th, the enemy moved out in force and attacked our lines on the Upperville pike and the Union road. General Stuart resolved to check the enemy in retiring and falling back upon Upperville.

General Wade Hampton's brigade did good service on the right of the road. The determined resistance offered to the enemy will be understood when it is stated that it was late in

the evening when Stuart reached Upperville, and he had been on the fall-back from 8 o'clock in the morning, a distance of five miles. In the fight at Upperville General Gregg and General Buford united their forces, and as soon as this was effected they resolutely attacked the retiring lines of Stuart. Robertson's brigade, which was posted on the main road, was thrown into confusion and retired through Upperville. General Wade Hampton now attacked the enemy upon the right with so much spirit and resolution that the Federals were driven back.

As soon as this was effected he went to the support of Robertson, when darkness closed the scene of this hard-fought battle. It was time, for Longstreet's corps was still at the gap, and if the night had not closed the action the infantry would have taken part. With the fight at Upperville the operations of Stuart against the enemy ceased.

On the 23d and 24th General Stuart remained at Rector's Cross-roads. On the 23d he had a personal interview with General Lee, who was with Longstreet's corps, which had as yet not left Virginia. During this interview the future movements of the cavalry were fully discussed. It was then that Stuart submitted his plan to the commanding general to pass around the enemy's rear and join the main army in Pennsylvania. Two plans presented themselves to the General-in-Chief and his young commander of the cavalry. Either to cross west of the Blue Ridge at Shepherdstown and enter Maryland and Pennsylvania by that route, or cross between the enemy and Washington City. There was no alternative, for, as will be seen hereafter, it would have been simply impossible for Stuart to cross the river between Harper's Ferry and Edward's Ferry, lower down, where Hooker's army crossed.

On the night of the 23d of June, while General Stuart was at Rector's Cross-roads, he received his official orders from General Lee, authorizing his movement around the enemy's rear. On the next day, late in the afternoon, dividing his force, he began to execute the orders of the commanding general. It will be seen hereafter how faithfully and bravely he discharged that duty. His movement around the enemy's rear was a complete success, and far more productive of valuable results than it was possible to secure in any other way.

Leaving the gallant young commander of the cavalry for the present, the writer wishes

to follow in detail the movements of the main army in its march into Pennsylvania, and, at the proper time, to return to the gallant Stuart, and consider carefully the charges that have been brought against him by a number of Confederate generals who, instead of censuring his conduct, should have confined their labors to a defense of their own. The writer hopes to be able to show that the disastrous issues of the campaign can be traced to other causes.

While Longstreet was still in Culpepper County, Virginia, he had with him a favorite scout, named Harrison. This man had been sent to Longstreet by Secretary Sedden. He was well acquainted with all the mountain passes of Northern Virginia and Southern Pennsylvania, as well as the fords and passages of the Upper Potomac. Longstreet now resolved to send this man into the Federal lines to procure information, and giving him a large sum of gold dismissed him, saying, "Spare no expense to get the information." On leaving, Harrison said, "Where shall I report to you, General?" Longstreet replied, "Any where north of the Potomac you can find me."

Now, the reader will keep his eye on this man, for on him and the faith reposed in him both by Lee and Longstreet the most disastrous and tremendous consequences resulted, consequences which, on the night of the 29th of June following, changed the character of the whole campaign, compelling the withdrawal of the left wing from Harrisburg and the right wing from York, and in less than forty-eight hours precipitating the battle of Gettysburg, throwing two hundred thousand men into deadly conflict upon the issue of which was staked the life of the nation.

In the march down the valley Ewell's corps led the advance, then came A. P. Hill, next Longstreet. On reaching Winchester, Virginia, on Saturday and Sunday, the 13th and 14th of June, Early's division, in the extreme advance of Ewell, engaged and defeated General Milroy, who had held the town. The rout of Milroy's army at Winchester was so complete that many of his regiments in their flight threw away their muskets and knapsacks.

The fugitives fled in all directions, many of them taking a northwestern course into the mountain counties of Pennsylvania. The pursuit of the enemy was prompt and vigorous, but his movements were rapid. Many prisoners and a large wagon-train fell into the hands

of the Confederates. When Early's division entered York, just two weeks after the battle, many of Gordon's brigade wore the knapsacks of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. This fact produced much amusement among the people of that historic town, for the Eighty-seventh regiment had been recruited at York.

After the fight at Winchester the divisions of Early and Rhodes, of Ewell's corps, pushed rapidly forward to the banks of the Potomac, and crossed that river on Saturday night and Sunday morning, June 20th and 21st, near Shepherdstown.

At Hagerstown the divisions of Rhodes and Early united on Monday, June 22d, having reached that place by different roads from the Potomac. At Hagerstown, Ewell's infantry advance was met by the cavalry brigade of General A. S. Jenkins. General Jenkins' cavalry brigade, leading the extreme advance of General Lee's army in Pennsylvania, had moved so rapidly in front of Early's division that his cavalry had reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 15th of June, the day after the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. Jenkins and his staff spent the night at the residence of the Hon. Alexander K. McClure, now the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, but then a resident of Chambersburg and the editor of the *Franklin Repository*. General Jenkins remained in Chambersburg for several days, and then fell back on Hagerstown. At Hagerstown, on Monday, Lee's advance separated and went down the valley to the Susquehanna in different directions. The division of General Rhodes, supported by the cavalry of General Jenkins, passed down the valley through Chambersburg, which place they reached on Wednesday, the 23d; next day, Rhodes was at Shippensburg, and on Friday, June 26th, Rhodes and Jenkins were at Carlisle, just eighteen miles from the capital of Pennsylvania. Rhodes and Jenkins, in their march on Harrisburg, were closely followed by General Ed. Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train. Ewell was personally present with this division of his corps. On Saturday night, the 27th of June, a skirmish took place at Oyster Point, on the turnpike, three miles from Harrisburg. A portion of Rhodes' division, who engaged the enemy, drove them to the river. General Ewell arrived in person on Sunday morning, the 28th, with the advance of General Edward Johnson's division. He immediately threw up breastworks on the left bank of the

Susquehanna, and covered the capital of Pennsylvania with his artillery. The left wing of Lee's army had reached its objective point on Sunday, the 28th of June. The left was composed of the divisions of Johnson and Rhodes, with the cavalry brigade of General Jenkins. General Ewell, who was personally present with the left wing, was well acquainted in this section of the State, for he had, when quite a young man, been employed as a civil engineer on the Harrisburg and Columbia Railroad.

Let us now trace the movements of the right wing of Lee's army to York, Pennsylvania, the probable point of concentration. The right wing was Early's division. To this division the writer was attached in all its vicissitudes from the banks of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to the shores of the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, and was with it and shared its fortunes in the eventful battle that was soon to follow.

At Hagerstown, Maryland, on Monday, June 22d, Early's division separated from Rhodes' and went down the valley to the Susquehanna, in a southeasterly direction. The division reached the Chambersburg and Gettysburg turnpike at a place named Greenwood. In passing down the pike toward Gettysburg, Early destroyed the Caledonia Iron Works, near the base of South Mountain. These works belonged to Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stevens himself had been at the works only a few hours before the division arrived, and left for his home at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The next day the division crossed South Mountain and marched to Gettysburg, which place was reached on Friday, June 26th. Gordon's brigade entered the town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Saturday Early moved his division to York, Pennsylvania, by two different roads. A portion of his command went by way of East Berlin, while the remainder passed through Hanover to the junction of the Northern Central Railroad, about ten miles from York.

Early's division entered York on Sunday morning, June 28th, just as the good people were going to church. York, no doubt, was the intended point of concentration. The town was one of singular beauty. It was also hallowed by many Revolutionary recollections. It was situated in the midst of a fertile country, about ten miles from the Susquehanna. Late in the evening of Sunday, the 28th, a report reached York that Ewell had taken Harrisburg

and burned the capital of the commonwealth. This proved to be incorrect.

Nevertheless it is a historical fact that on the same day that Lee's right wing reached its probable point of concentration, his left wing was before the capital of Pennsylvania. While Early was at York a detachment was sent down to Wrightsville, on the right bank of the Susquehanna. At Wrightsville the Susquehanna is over a mile wide. A bridge connects Wrightsville with Columbia on the opposite shore.

General Conch, who was in command of the department of the Susquehanna, ordered Colonel Frick, at Columbia, to burn the bridge, which was done at once. After the destruction of the bridge the detachment returned to York. The right and left wings of General Lee's army appear to have made equal time from Hagerstown to the Susquehanna. The distance from Hagerstown to Harrisburg by which Rhodes moved was nearly the same as the distance to York. The road to York, however, was not so good. These two wings of Lee's army reached their respective points of destination just three weeks after the battle of Beverley's Ford.

The rear of Lee's army, composed of the corps of A. P. Hill and Longstreet, with the cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson, passed on down the valley and crossed the Potomac the same day, Wednesday, the 24th of June. The corps of A. P. Hill crossed the river at Shepherdstown, while Longstreet crossed at Williamsport. Heath's division of Hill's corps held the advance and moved forward to Hagerstown and Chambersburg. On Friday morning, June 26th, Heath's division entered Chambersburg. General A. P. Hill was with this advance division of his corps. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon General Hill was standing on the pavement, talking to a citizen of the town, Mr. Bishop, making inquiries about old acquaintances at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, whom he had known before the war, while in command of the United States barracks at that place.

Mr. Bishop asked Hill whether General Lee was coming, to which Hill replied: "I am expecting him every moment," and, looking up the main street, said, "there he comes now." As General Lee and staff rode to the square, A. P. Hill mounted his horse and, raising his hat, went to meet the commanding general. Lee and Hill rode aside and spoke a few words to each other in a low tone of voice.

Mr. Jacob Hoke, of Chambersburg, an intelligent observer of all that passed before his eyes, has this to say of the commanding general:

"As General Lee sat on his horse in the open square of our town he looked every inch the soldier. He was somewhat over fifty years of age, stout, and well built, his hair was strongly mixed with gray, and he wore a gray beard. He appeared to me to be what he undoubtedly was, a grave, a deep and thoughtful man. He wore the Confederate gray, with a black slouch hat. He looked like a great man, and seemed to have not only the profound respect of his men, but their admiration and love.

"His staff was composed of a fine looking, intellectual body of men, and presented a soldierly appearance, which those who witnessed will never forget. In that small group was, to a great extent, the brains of that vast army which had invaded our State, and while we could not help admiring the genius of these men, still we regarded them as the enemies of our country."

Lee and Hill took up their headquarters at Shutter's Grove, on the edge of the town, on Friday noon, June 26th. Here the commanding general and his staff remained from Friday noon till the following Tuesday, the 30th, the day before the battle opened at Gettysburg.

It was here that he received the reports from his right and left at Harrisburg and York. It was here that General Lee formulated the details and issued the orders for Ewell to attack and capture the capital of Pennsylvania.

On Friday, the 26th, Heath's division passed through Chambersburg to a small village named Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg turnpike, a short distance from Chambersburg.

On the following day, Saturday, the two remaining divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, commanded by Anderson and Pender, passed through Chambersburg to Fayetteville, and here they joined their old associates and Heath. On the same day, Saturday, the 27th, General Longstreet arrived at Chambersburg with his corps, Hood's division leading the advance. General Hood passed his division to a point a little north of the town, and encamped near the Harrisburg turnpike.

The two remaining divisions of Longstreet's corps, commanded by McLaws and Pickett, encamped three miles south of the town, in the direction of York, Pennsylvania, and as near as possible within supporting distance of A. P. Hill's corps, then at Fayetteville.

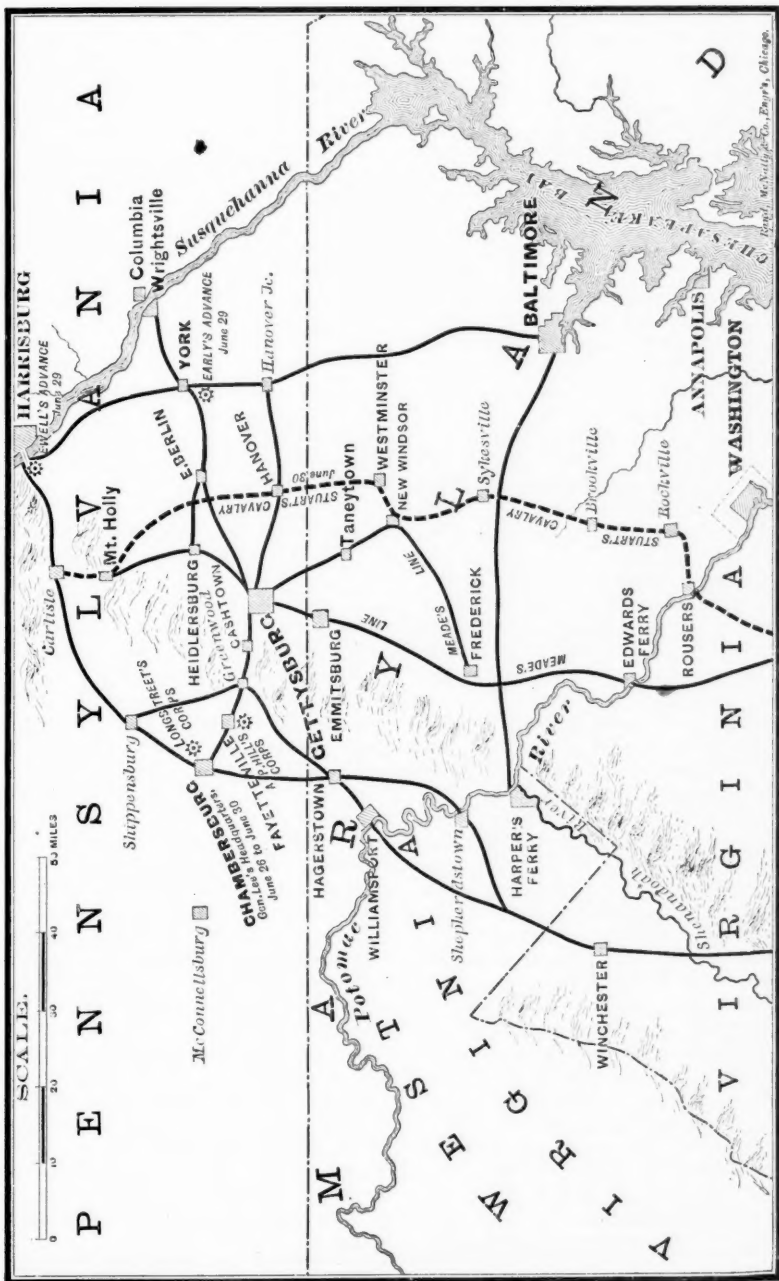
We now see that on Sunday morning, the 28th of June, three days before the battle opened at Seminary Ridge, near Gettysburg, General Lee had his army firmly planted on the soil of Pennsylvania. But on this Sunday morning the battle of Gettysburg was, in the judgment of the commanding general, a remote possibility. It was unexpectedly and suddenly brought about by the shifting tide of events which no human skill could foresee, and over which General Lee had no control. That the battle of Gettysburg was a surprise to General Lee will be shown hereafter.

On that Sunday morning before the battle, two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, Hill's and Longstreet's, were at Chambersburg, twenty-five miles distant from Gettysburg. But the South Mountain had to be crossed in order to reach Gettysburg. The remaining corps of Lee's army, commanded by Ewell, composed the two wings, and were at Harrisburg and York. The divisions of General Edward Johnson and General Rhodes, with Ewell, in person, supported by the cavalry brigade under General Jenkins, were on the right bank of the Susquehanna opposite Harrisburg, a distance of fifty miles from Chambersburg. This force composed the left wing of Lee's army.

The right wing, composed of Early's division, was at York, Pennsylvania, a distance of fifty-six miles from Chambersburg. York was only twenty-seven miles from Gettysburg. The cavalry brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins were in the Cumberland valley in communication on Lee's front with his left wing. Imboden's command of cavalry was at McConnellsburg, in Pennsylvania.

In looking at the map it will be seen that General Lee rested his army in a triangle, the vertex of the triangle being at Chambersburg. The left side of his triangle extended his line to Harrisburg, and terminated in his left wing. The right side extended his line from Chambersburg to York, Pennsylvania, and terminated in his right wing. The Susquehanna River formed the base or third side of the triangle. The distance from York to Harrisburg was twenty-five miles.

When, on Monday night, 29th of June, the orders were issued by the commanding general for concentrating the army of Northern Virginia, the Confederate army was swung to the right and closed and rested on its right support. In concentrating the Federal army to oppose Lee, General Meade was forced,



from the nature of the situation, to swing his whole army on his left and close and rest upon his left support.

The point of contact between these mighty forces was Gettysburg.

On Monday, June 29th, important changes were made in the disposition of the Confederate forces at Chambersburg. In the forenoon Heath's division broke up its encampment at Greenwood, crossed South Mountain, and rested for the night at Cashtown. The two remaining divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, Pender's and Anderson's, rested at Fayetteville. The divisions of McLaws and Hood, which were encamped north and south of the town, were ordered by General Lee to proceed to Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg and Baltimore turnpike. The remaining division of General Pickett continued, at Chambersburg, to protect and guard the wagon-train. Just here the writer would invite attention to the important fact that the road which led from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, by way of Fayetteville and Greenwood, was also the direct road to York, Pennsylvania, where the right wing of General Lee's army rested, under Early. From Gettysburg to York the distance was only twenty-seven miles, by an excellent turnpike, and in addition to this there were several excellent county roads. This route, therefore, was the best and most expeditious by which the commanding general, with his rear, could reach his right wing at York. It may be said with truth, that up to Monday night, the 29th of June, the movements of General Lee were directed to York, Pennsylvania, and not upon Baltimore, by way of Gettysburg, as some writers have attempted to show. By making the latter movement General Lee would have been diverging and going away from his right and left wings, thus endangering his army, and exposing it to the risk of being cut to pieces in detail by the enemy. In moving upon York, by way of Gettysburg, either Hill or Longstreet could have moved upon the Susquehanna, and, reached it equi-distant between York and Harrisburg, and thus completed his line. The distance from York to Harrisburg was only twenty-seven miles; nevertheless, an event took place that arrested the contemplated concentration at York, and changed the whole character of the campaign.

Up to Monday evening, June 29th, neither Lee nor Longstreet knew of the whereabouts of Hooker's army. But late in the evening of that day a ragged, weather-beaten Confeder-

ate soldier was seen lurking around Longstreet's headquarters. The appearance and conduct of the man excited some suspicions, but on his claiming to know General Longstreet, and that he had important communications to make to him, he was at once taken to Longstreet's tent. As soon as Longstreet put his eyes on him he grasped the poor soldier by the hand, and, shaking it heartily, said, "Good Lord, I am glad to see you! I thought you were killed!" He proved to be the brave and faithful scout, Harrison, that Longstreet had sent into the Federal lines while his corps was still in Culpepper County, Virginia. Longstreet examined him on the spot, and from this man received the first information that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and its advance had reached Frederick City, Maryland. He sent the scout to General Lee, by a staff officer, and followed himself soon after.

Longstreet, in one of his contributions to the "Annals of the War," page 419, in speaking of this very man's appearance on the night as stated, says:

"Late on Monday evening, June 29th, a scout, named Harrison, who had been sent by me into the Federal lines to obtain information, while our army was yet in Culpepper County, Virginia, came to my headquarters at Chambersburg, and reported that the Union army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and his advance was at Frederick City, Maryland."

General Longstreet saw at a glance that the information brought by this scout was of vast importance, and might involve momentous consequences. In this connection, a little further on, Longstreet says:

"We had not heard from the enemy for several days, and General Lee and myself were in doubt as to where he was. Indeed, we did not know that he had yet left Virginia. In the absence of all knowledge of the position of the Federal army, General Lee had issued orders to General Ewell for an attack on Harrisburg, a part of whose corps was, on that very night, Monday, June 29th, near the intrenchments, on the west bank of the Susquehanna; but on receiving the information brought by this scout he at once countermanded the order and directed Ewell and all his other Generals to concentrate on Gettysburg."

The work of concentration was begun at once. We thus see that the capture of the capital of Pennsylvania was one of the objects con-

templated by the commanding general. He knew that no regular or efficient force was there to defend it. And he also knew that raw militia could effect little or nothing against Ewell's veteran troops.

In issuing the orders to concentrate, it required five or six hours to reach Ewell at Harrisburg, and eight hours to reach Early at York.

In the absence of all telegraphic communication, General Lee was obliged to reach Harrisburg and York by couriers with relays. This was aided by long torch fires set to burning on elevated ridges along the way. These signals were well understood by the Confederates.

Nothing could exceed the energy displayed by the commanding general in the difficult work of concentration which immediately followed. On Tuesday, the 30th of June, the work of concentration went on with an energy that was in marked contrast with that displayed by the Federal army.

The right wing under Early, at York, moved on Gettysburg by way of East Berlin, and was joined in the evening by General Rhodes at Heidlersburg. White's battalion of cavalry, of Imboden's command, moved from York to Gettysburg by the direct turnpike, thus protecting Early's rear and flank from surprise. The remaining division of Ewell's corps was commanded by General Ed. Johnson. Ewell's wagon-train was in charge of Johnson's division. Dr. Cullum, medical director on Longstreet's staff, says this train was fourteen miles long. The cavalry brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins guarded the rear of Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train in the retrograde movement from the Cumberland valley to the base of South Mountain. The two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, commanded by Pender and Anderson, left their encampment at Fayetteville, crossed South Mountain, and encamped at Cashtown, about seven miles from Gettysburg. On this very day General Pettigrew's brigade of Heath's division made a reconnaissance as far as Seminary Ridge, and returned during the day to Cashtown. General Longstreet made an attempt to cross South Mountain during the day, and unite with A. P. Hill in the evening at Cashtown. McLaws' and Hood's divisions were put in motion at Fayetteville; Pickett's division was left at Chambersburg to guard the rear of Ewell's train. The divisions of Hood and McLaws, in their attempt to cross South Mountain, were

kept back by Pender's and Anderson's divisions and Ewell's wagon-train, so that little or no progress was made by Longstreet on Tuesday, and he did not reach the battle-field until the evening of the next day, July 1st.

The movements of McLaws' and Hood's divisions of Longstreet's corps were greatly obstructed all day on Tuesday. Longstreet, in one of his contributions to the *Annals of the War*, page 420, notices this great inconvenience, and says: "On leaving Fayetteville for Gettysburg the road in front of my corps was completely blocked up by Pender's and Anderson's divisions of Hill's corps and Ewell's wagon-train, which had cut into the turnpike in front of my division." The order for concentration was issued by the commanding general on Monday night, and so rapid were the movements of his right wing, under Early at York, and his left near Harrisburg, under Rhodes, that both these divisions reached Gettysburg on Wednesday morning, and took part in the first day's engagement on the afternoon of July 1st.

Having brought the army of Northern Virginia to Gettysburg, let us review the situation on the night before the great battle opened. Here were concentrated around the town of Gettysburg, and within a radius of from four to eight miles, nearly two hundred thousand men soon to engage in deadly conflict.

The Emmitsburg road was the line that divided those two mighty armies. The Army of Northern Virginia was posted north of that road, while the Union army was south of the road. A. P. Hill's corps was at Cashtown, only seven miles from Gettysburg. Longstreet's was still north of South Mountain, kept back by Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train, about eighteen miles from Gettysburg. Pickett's division with Imboden's cavalry were at Chambersburg.

The cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson and Jenkins, were on the northern side of the mountain guarding the rear of the Confederate forces.

The divisions of Rhodes and Early were at Heidlersburg, about eight miles from Gettysburg.

The Union army was stretched along a strip of country south of the Emmitsburg road, and extending to Frederick City, Maryland.

General Buford, with six thousand cavalry, the advance of the Federal army, arrived at Gettysburg on Tuesday afternoon, and en-

camped on the Chambersburg pike, about half a mile from Gettysburg. The Union army was composed of seven corps of infantry, and, in moving on Gettysburg from Frederick City, went by two different routes. On the night before the battle it was disposed as follows: First corps, General Reynolds, was encamped four miles south of Gettysburg; the Eleventh corps, General Howard, was between Taneytown and Gettysburg, and about eight miles from the latter place; the Third corps, commanded by Sickles, and the Twelfth, commanded by Slocum, were about ten miles southeast of Gettysburg, near Littlestown. The Second corps, General Hancock, and the Fifth, General Sykes, were between Uniontown and Gettysburg, while the Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, and Gregg's cavalry were near New Windsor, moving on to Gettysburg.

DEFENSE OF STUART.

Having placed the Army of Northern Virginia in its position by corps and divisions up to the night before battle, let us now turn our attention to a portion of the Confederate cavalry and ascertain to what extent the gallant Stuart was responsible for the disastrous consequences that befell our army on the field of Gettysburg.

A number of prominent Confederate officers, and among them Generals Wilcox, Long, Alexander, and Colonel Walter Taylor, have, from time to time, handed in to the archives of the "Southern Historical Society," at Richmond, Virginia, their opinions as to the cause of the failure of the campaign. These writers all say that Stuart's movements with the cavalry were the actual cause of the disaster at Gettysburg.

It is asserted *first*, that General Stuart's movements around the enemy's rear into Maryland and Pennsylvania deprived General Lee of his cavalry. Secondly, that the movement was made by Stuart solely to gratify his ambition for sensational display in disobedience of the orders of General Lee. Thirdly, that the whole movement around the Federal rear by Stuart was a failure and a "*fatal blunder*." These writers have also quoted, in support of their charges against Stuart, an expression from General Lee, in which he complains of "want of information of the enemy's movements in consequence of the absence of the cavalry." The writer now proposes to show that all these charges are without the least foundation.

That the movement around the enemy's rear

was *not, in violation* of the orders of General Lee, but by his *express authority*, after mature deliberation; that the movement did not deprive General Lee of his cavalry; that the movement was not a failure and "*fatal blunder*," but a complete success, and far more productive of valuable results than any other movement he could have made; that the complaint made by General Lee as to the absence of the cavalry was not intended to blame General Stuart for the loss of the battle, since that disaster can be explained by other and better reasons.

Besides, too, while these writers have, with one accord, used the name of General Lee to accuse Stuart, not one of them, nor any other writer, has been able to show in what manner the presence of General Stuart with the main army would have altered the results of the battle and turned the tide of victory in favor of the Confederates. The facts are, that on Tuesday, the 23d of June, while Stuart had his headquarters at Rector's Cross-roads, and Longstreet's corps was still at Ashby's and Snickers' gaps, General Stuart proceeded to army headquarters and had a personal interview with General R. E. Lee in regard to the contemplated movement. At this interview the whole question of the future movements of the cavalry was thoroughly discussed. It was on this occasion that Stuart proposed to General Lee his plan of passing around the Federal army and joining the right wing of Lee's army in Pennsylvania at any point the commanding general might designate. One of two alternatives presented itself.

Stuart had either to move west of the Blue Ridge, cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and push on through Maryland and Pennsylvania, or attain the rear of the Federal army at some point between that army and Washington City, and cross the Potomac, move onward through Maryland and join his old associates in Pennsylvania.

As for the assertion that some writers have advanced, that Stuart might have taken a middle course, and crossed the Potomac between Harper's Ferry and Edward's Ferry, where the Federal army crossed it, is erroneous. Certainly no intelligent soldier acquainted with that section of the country would expose his judgment to the ridicule of pretending to assert that Stuart could have crossed at that point without exposing his weakness to the whole Federal army, whose cavalry were all united now and hanging on the Federal front

under Gregg and Buford. To have attempted it would have been a piece of inconsiderate rashness.

In speaking of what took place at army headquarters, at his personal interview with General Lee on the 23d of June, General Stuart, in his report says: "I submitted to the commanding general a plan of leaving a brigade or so of cavalry in my present front, and passing through Hopewell, or some other gap in the Bull Run Mountains, attain the enemy's rear, and moving between his main body and Washington cross the Potomac into Maryland and join our army north of that river."

Now let us see what effect this suggestion had upon the judgment of General Lee. In his official report, speaking of this very interview, General Lee says: "Upon the suggestions of General Stuart that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so."

And further on in his report, January, 1864, General Lee says: "General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes *with part of his command* as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and *with the remainder* to pass into Maryland and place himself on the right of General Ewell. It was left to *his discretion* whether he should enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed also to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward."

These extracts from the report of General Lee show very clearly that General Stuart was authorized to make the movement, and General Lee's report can be found in the Southern Historical Society papers at Richmond without difficulty. On the same night of the day, June 23d, upon which Stuart had his personal interview with General Lee he received from the commanding general his official orders.

General Stuart was at Rector's Cross-roads the night these orders were received by his faithful aid, Major McClellan, who read them to Stuart as he lay out in the rain, wrapped in a blanket, sharing the hardships of a soldier with his men.

Major H. B. McClellan, than whom I am persuaded no one more devoted to the memory of General Stuart lives, furnishes facts which fully confirm General Lee's plan of the campaign, and lets in a little light on that ques-

tion. Major McClellan says: "With the orders from Lee to Stuart was a letter written at some length from General Lee to Stuart, marked confidential. The letter discussed the plan submitted during the day by Stuart, at the personal interview with Lee, of passing around the enemy's rear. It informed Stuart that General Early would move on York, Pennsylvania, with the right wing, and that it was desirable to place his cavalry, as speedily as possible, with Early's division.

"The letter also suggested that, as the roads leading northward from Shepherdstown and Williamsport were already incumbered with the artillery and transportation of the army, the route in that direction would consume more time than the proposed one of passing to the enemy's rear. This letter also informed Stuart that he could take either route his discretion might dictate, but that if he chose the latter General Early would receive instructions to look out for him at York, Pennsylvania. York was particularly mentioned as the point at which Stuart was to look out for Early, and as the probable point of concentration."

Let us now quote from General Stuart's official report, which is in the archives of the United States Government at Washington. This report is dated January 20, 1864. Stuart says: "I was advised by General Lee that the Army of Northern Virginia would move in two columns for the Susquehanna. General Early commanded one of the divisions to the eastward, and I was directed to communicate with him as speedily as practicable after crossing the Potomac, and place my command on his right flank. It was expected that I would find him at York, Pennsylvania. *It is believed that had the corps of Hill and Longstreet moved onward, instead of halting near Chambersburg three or four days, that York could have become the point of concentration instead of Gettysburg.* Moreover, considering York as the point of junction, the route I took to get there was certainly as direct and far more expeditious than the alternate one proposed."

Let us now compare notes. On Saturday, the 19th of June, General Early crossed the Potomac and moved direct for York, Pennsylvania, by way of Hagerstown and Gettysburg, reaching Gettysburg on the 26th and York on the 28th. Hence it will be seen that before General Stuart had fully crossed the Potomac Early was at York.

Now the principal object of the commanding

general was to place Stuart's cavalry on the right flank of the Army of Northern Virginia and to reach the advance of his right wing as speedily as possible, which, as has been shown, was expected to be under Early at York.

This is the whole of it. In moving on York General Stuart had the question left to his judgment, either to move west of the Blue Ridge and cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, or attain the enemy's rear and pass on to York by way of Rockville, Westminster, and Hanover. He chose the latter route for the reason that he thought, and so did General Lee, that in consequence of the roads west of the Blue Ridge being incumbered by our artillery and wagon-trains, he could reach York sooner by moving around the Federal army.

Having seen that the movement was authorized by General Lee's express authority, let us see further whether in executing it he robbed the commanding general of his cavalry.

On Tuesday, June 24th, General Stuart divided his cavalry. The three brigades of Generals Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and W. H. F. Lee, the latter commanded by Colonel Chambliss, he ordered to get ready to pass around the enemy.

The brigades of General William E. Jones and Robertson were left by Stuart in observation on the enemy's front, *with full instructions to follow up the enemy in case of withdrawal, and to join the main army.* Now every intelligent soldier who was acquainted with the especial qualifications of the different officers of General Lee's army knows full well the high reputation of General W. E. Jones.

His sagacity in obtaining information was unrivaled. He was, without a doubt, the best outpost officer in the Army of Northern Virginia. The brigades of Jones and Robertson mustered nearly three thousand five hundred men, while the brigade of General Jenkins, then at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, mustered two thousand. To this might be added the cavalry of General Imboden, also in Pennsylvania, at McConnellsburg. It will be seen that Stuart left with General Lee a force of cavalry greater than that which he carried with him. Under these circumstances, surely, Stuart was justified in believing that he had left with General Lee a force of cavalry fully sufficient to discharge every duty required by the commanding general of his cavalry.

There is another point deserving of attention. General Lee knew on the 24th that Stuart had resolved to pass around the Federal

army. He knew that Jones and Robertson were left to the main army. Now as a matter of fact, founded on common sense, did not General Lee know that the route undertaken by General Stuart was such that his absence from the main army for at least five days was a matter of necessity, and that he could not in all reason hope to obtain any reliable information from the commander of his cavalry before the 29th or 30th of June?

True, some unforeseen event might, by possibility, have enabled Stuart, by employing individual scouts, to send some information to Lee. But then both Stuart and Lee were soldiers, and great soldiers, and neither of them would depend upon an accident as a medium of success. The only sensible conclusion, therefore, is this, that in the absence of General Stuart the commanding general had to look to other sources to procure information and keep himself advised in regard to the enemy's movements.

When the high reputation for sagacity which General W. E. Jones possessed is considered, no man can doubt the motives that prompted the young commander of the cavalry to assign him to the main army. It was done, without a doubt, to strengthen the arm of the commanding general.

Stuart thought he had left a force of cavalry with his beloved commander fully sufficient to watch the enemy's movements and keep General Lee properly advised until he could reach him in Pennsylvania. Stuart was certainly very confident of this, for he refers to it in his report, and says, "Properly handled, the cavalry I left with the main army should have done every thing requisite, and left nothing to detract from the brilliant exploits of their comrades, achieved under circumstances of great hardship and danger."

To resume our narrative: General Stuart with the cavalry pushed rapidly forward, and, having attained the enemy's rear, reached the Potomac near Darnestown, and crossed that river, under circumstances of much hardship, at Rousers, on Saturday night, the 27th of June; many did not reach the Maryland shore until near daylight on Sunday morning. His command moved on to Rockville, Maryland, and routed the Federal forces that held the place. At this point a large wagon-train was coming from Washington to supply Hooker's army. Colonel Chambliss pursued them to within sight of Washington, capturing them all. He turned this train over to our quartermaster at

Gettysburg. Colonel Walter Taylor, of General Lee's staff, in his contribution to the Southern Historical Society papers, page 85, volume iv, expresses his opinion that Stuart was unfortunately delayed in capturing this train.

But Major McClellan, who was present, assures the writer that it did not detain Stuart's movements over three hours. Moving onward, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade reached the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Sykesville by daylight on Monday morning, June 29th.

The track at this point was torn up and the bridge burned. The appearance of Stuart on the Maryland side on Sunday, and his operations on that day and the following Monday had the desired effect, and produced not only much anxiety with General Meade, the new commander of the Federal army, then stationed at Frederick, but a corresponding and deep apprehension was felt in Washington. The communication between Meade's army and his government was completely destroyed, except by private couriers.

General Halleck, commander-in-chief at Washington, on Monday night, June 29th, telegraphed to General Conch, in command of the Department of the Susquehanna, "I have no communication with General Meade."

Hon. Edgar Cowan, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, then in Washington, telegraphed to Governor Curtin, at Harrisburg, "Stanton can hear nothing from the Army of the Potomac, and we all fear that it has met with some disaster."

Seward, on Monday night, June 29th, telegraphed to Hon. Thurlow Weed, at Albany, New York, to urge Seymour to send on the New York militia; that the government was in extreme peril. Stuart pushed on and reached Westminster, Maryland, on the afternoon of Monday, June 29th, and on the following day, Tuesday, June 30th, he had passed his command around the whole Federal army, and reached Hanover, Pennsylvania, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day. He was now twelve miles from Gettysburg and fourteen from York. His command had been in the saddle day and night from the Potomac, and did all that mortal men could do and that flesh and blood could suffer to attain their end. At Hanover, on Tuesday, Wade Hampton's brigade engaged Kilpatrick's cavalry and drove him from the town. On this same day Early had left York by way of East Berlin for Gettysburg. The writer, who was an officer of Early's division, is per-

fectly confident that if Stuart had known that Early had left York that morning for certain, and known also of his direction, he could have effected a junction with him before sundown, perhaps, at some point near East Berlin.

But, unfortunately, the order issued to Early at York to look out for Stuart never reached him, and Early's division had no knowledge of Stuart's movements to the rear of the Federal army. While the writer of this paper was passing with his command to the left of East Berlin, on Tuesday night, June 30th, at dusk, the whole command distinctly heard Stuart's guns. But in a hilly country like that in which we were moving we could not tell either the distance or direction of the firing. Stuart had heard while at Hanover that Early had left York and moved to Shippensburg, but he could not rely on a statement of this kind in an enemy's country. Later in the day, when he finally received information of a reliable character that *Early had left York*, he relinquished his undertaking in that direction. It was late at night before he struck Early's trail, and expected to find him further up on the Susquehanna. He crossed the mountain at Mt. Holly, and reached Carlisle on Wednesday, July 1st. Here he learned the true state of affairs, and turning his cavalry again to the southward, rode rapidly on to Gettysburg, reaching the battle-field on Thursday, July 2d, just in time to repel a movement of Federal cavalry on Hunterstown. When Stuart's command was at Hanover, on Tuesday, and in its wanderings during that day, had any of his force met White's battalion, who moved on Gettysburg that day from York, by the turnpike, he no doubt would have continued his movements through the night, reaching Cash-town on Wednesday, and could have been with Lee and Longstreet before the battle opened on that day. If he could have reached Lee on the 1st of July, he, no doubt, could have furnished the commanding general with valuable information with respect to the recent positions of at least some of the corps of General Meade's army.

But is any man authorized to say that the information Stuart could have furnished Lee would have enabled him to change the course of victory? General Lee knew, on Monday night, the 29th, at Chambersburg, from Longstreet's scout, that the Federal army was at Frederick City, Maryland. He also knew that the distance from Frederick to York, Pennsylvania, where his right rested, was sixty miles,

and that from Frederick on to Gettysburg it was only thirty-five miles. Under almost any circumstances it would have been impossible for Stuart to have given Lee the information of the passage of the Potomac by the Federal army and its presence at Frederick earlier than he received the news from Longstreet's faithful scout. These are facts unquestionable. Moreover, it was known at Washington on Saturday, the 27th, that Lee was at Chambersburg and Ewell and Early at Carlisle and Gettysburg.

That the Federal army would be ordered to pursue the Confederate forces none can doubt. Stuart's movements in Maryland, on Sunday and Monday, June 28th and 29th, confused the government at Washington by breaking the communication between Meade and his commander-in-chief, General Halleck. It will be remembered that Meade had assumed command at Frederick on Sunday, the 28th, and he was naturally careful not to make any rash movements to begin with. The operations of Stuart in his rear, and his inability to hear any thing from Washington, naturally obliged Meade to delay his movements. General Early awards to Stuart this high honor. In his official report, Early says, "If Stuart had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Maryland, it is doubtful whether he could have answered Lee's expectations, but by his movement to the Federal rear he compelled the enemy to move slower." The truth is, that General Stuart did all he agreed to do at his personal interview with General Lee on the 23d, and if the cavalry that went with the main army had been vigilant in Stuart's absence, the disastrous issues of the campaign might have been averted. General Lee, at Chambersburg, on the 30th of June, made this remark to his friends, "*It is now time to hear from Stuart,*"

showing clearly that he had not expected to hear from him sooner. On the 1st of July, while crossing South Mountain, General Lee said to his staff, "I can not think what has become of Stuart. I fear some disaster has befallen him." General Lee knew that the cavalry with him had not kept him properly advised, and his expression, "In the absence of Stuart I could gain no information of the enemy's movements," was perfectly natural.

With many it is a common expression, but for General Stuart "Lee would have succeeded in Pennsylvania and gained the victory at Gettysburg." In a subsequent paper, in treating of the great battle, the writer will attempt to show "how Lee lost Gettysburg."

It can easily be shown that as a matter of fact General Lee did not blame Stuart for the disaster which befell the Confederate army on the field of Gettysburg. Long, indeed, before Stuart's friends could be heard in his defense, many writers, relying on a partial expression of General Lee, built upon it a foundation to accuse Stuart and poison public sentiment in advance against the gallant young commander of the cavalry.

The war developed no braver, no more patriotic spirit; no reverses, no misfortune could check the ardor of his fearless and unconquerable soul. He fell in the great cause he had advocated, sealing his devotion with his blood, urging his companions with his dying prayer to imitate his example. His spirit was the spirit of Chevalier Bayard and DuGuesclin; his courage was that of Richard the Lion-hearted. He sleeps his last sleep in the lovely cemetery at Richmond, Virginia, by the side of his beloved commander. There many of his old soldiers and friends scatter flowers upon his tomb, and look sadly upon the spot where his heart has moldered into dust.

Wm. H. Swallow.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "A Family Affair," "Bound Together," Etc.



MADELINE FLEW PAST HER TRAVELING COMPANION.

CHAPTER VII.

Carriston slept on late into the next day. Knowing that every moment of bodily and mental rest was a precious boon to him, I left him undisturbed. He was still fast asleep when, about midday, a gentleman called upon me. He sent up no card, and I supposed he came to consult me professionally.

The moment he entered my room I recognized him. He was the thin-lipped, gentlemanly person whom I had met on my journey to Bournemouth last spring—the man who had seemed so much impressed by my views on insanity, and had manifested so much interest in the description I had given—without mentioning any name—of Carriston's peculiar mind.

I should have at once claimed acquaintance with my visitor, but before I could speak he advanced and apologized gracefully for his intrusion.

"You will forgive it," he added, "when I tell you my name is Ralph Carriston."

Remembering our chance conversation, the thought that, after all, Charles Carriston's wild suspicion was well founded, flashed through me like lightning. My great hope was that my visitor might not remember my face as I remembered his. I bowed coldly, but said nothing.

"I believe, Dr. Brand," he continued, "you have a young relative of mine at present staying with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carriston is my guest," I answered. "We are old friends."

"Ah, I did not know that. I do not remember having heard him mention your name as a friend. But as it is so, no one knows better than you do the unfortunate state of his health. How do you find him to-day—violent?"

I pretended to ignore the man's meaning, and answered smilingly, "Violence is the last

thing I should look for. He is tired out and exhausted by travel, and is in great distress. That, I believe, is the whole of his complaint."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, poor boy! His sweetheart has left him, or something. But, as a doctor, you must know that his mental condition is not quite what it should be. His friends are very anxious about him. They fear that a little restraint—temporary, I hope—must be put upon his actions. I called to ask your advice and aid."

"In what, Mr. Carriston?"

"In this. A young man can not be left free to go about threatening his friends' lives. I have brought Dr. Daley with me—you know him, of course. He is below in my carriage. I will call him up, with your permission. He could then see poor Charles, and the needful certificate could be signed by you two doctors."

"Mr. Carriston," I said, decidedly, "let me tell you in the plainest words that your cousin is at present as fully in possession of his wits as you are. Dr. Daley—whoever he may be—could sign no certificate, and in our day no asylum would dare to keep Mr. Carriston within its walls."

An unpleasant, sinister look crossed my listener's face, but his voice still remained bland and suave. "I am sorry to differ from you, Dr. Brand," he said, "but I know him better than you do. I have seen him as you have never yet seen him. Only last night he came to me in a frantic state. I expected every moment he would make a murderous attack on me."

"Perhaps he fancied he had some reasons for anger," I said.

Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of which his cousin had spoken. "If the boy has succeeded in converting you to any of his delusions, I can only say that doctors are more credulous than I fancied. But the question is not worth arguing. You decline to assist me, so I must do without you. Good morning, Dr. Brand."

He left the room as gracefully as he had entered it. I remained in a state of doubt. It was curious that Ralph Carriston turned out to be the man whom I had met in the train; but the evidence offered by the coincidence was not enough to convict him of the crime of endeavoring to drive his cousin mad by such a far-fetched stratagem as the inveigling away of Madeline Rowan. Besides, even in wishing to prove Charles Carriston mad, he had much to say on his side. Supposing him to be inno-

cent of having abducted Madeline, Carriston's violent behavior on the preceding evening must have seemed very much like insanity. In spite of the aversion with which Ralph Carriston had inspired me, I scarcely knew which side to believe.

Carriston still slept; so when I went out on my afternoon rounds I left a note, begging him to remain in the house until my return. Then I found him up, dressed, and looking much more like himself. When I entered dinner was on the table, so not until that meal was over could we talk unrestrainedly upon the subject which was uppermost in both our minds.

As soon as we were alone I turned toward my guest. "And now," I said, "we must settle what to do. There seems to me to be but one course open. You have plenty of money, so your best plan is to engage skilled police assistance. Young ladies can't be spirited away like this without leaving a trace."

To my surprise Carriston flatly objected to this course. "No," he said, "I shall not go to the police. The man who took her away has placed her where no policeman can find her. I must find her myself."

"Find her yourself! Why, it may be months—years—before you do that! Good heavens, Carriston! She may be murdered, or worse—"

"I shall know if any further evil happens to her—then I shall kill Ralph Carriston."

"But you tell me you have no clue whatever to trace her by. Do talk plainly. Tell me all or nothing."

Carriston smiled, very faintly. "No clue that you, at any rate, will believe in," he said. "But I know this much, she is a prisoner somewhere. She is unhappy; but not, as yet, ill-treated. Heavens! Do you think, if I did not know this, I should keep my senses for an hour?"

"How can you possibly know it?"

"By that gift—that extra sense or whatever it is—which you deride. I knew it would come to me some day, but I little thought how I should welcome it. I know that in some way I shall find her by it. I tell you I have already seen her three times. I may see her again at any moment when the strange fit comes over me."

All this fantastic nonsense was spoken so simply and with such an air of conviction that once more my suspicions as to the state of his mind were aroused. In spite of the brave answers which I had given Mr. Ralph Carris-

ton I felt that common sense was undeniably on his side.

"Tell me what you mean by your strange fit," I said, resolved to find out the nature of Carriston's fancies or hallucinations. "Is it a kind of trance you fall into?"

He seemed loth to give any information on the subject, but I pressed him for an answer.

"Yes," he said at last. "It must be a kind of trance. An indescribable feeling comes

over me. I know that my eyes are fixed on some object—presently that object vanishes, and I see Madeline."

"How do you see her?"

"She seems to stand in a blurred circle of light as cast by a magic lantern. That is the only way that I can describe it. But her figure is plain and clear—she might be close to me. The carpet on which she stands I can see, the chair on which she sits, the table on which she



I LIGHTED A TAPER AND HELD IT BEFORE THEM.

leans her hand, any thing she touches I can see; but no more. I have seen her talking. I knew she was entreating some one, but that some one was invisible. Yet, if she touched that person, the virtue of her touch would enable me to see him."

So far as I could see Carriston's case appeared to be one of overwrought or unduly-stimulated imagination. His I had always considered to be a mind of the most peculiar construction. In his present state of love, grief, and suspense these hallucinations might come in the same way in which dreams come. For a little while I sat in silence, considering how I could best combat with and dispel his

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remarkable delusions. Before I had arrived at any decision I was called away to see a patient. I was but a short time engaged. Then I returned to Carriston, intending to continue my inquiries.

Upon re-entering the room I found him sitting as I had left him—directly opposite the door. His face was turned fully toward me, and I trembled as I caught sight of it. He was leaning forward, his hands on the table-cloth, his whole frame rigid, his eyes staring in one direction, yet, I knew, capable of seeing nothing that I could see. He seemed even oblivious to sound, for I entered the room and closed the door behind me without causing him to change

look or position. The moment I saw the man I knew that he had been overtaken by what he called his strange fit.

My first impulse—a natural one—was to arouse him; but second thoughts told me that this was an opportunity for studying his disease which should not be lost—I felt that I could call it by no other name than disease—so I proceeded to make a systematic examination of his symptoms.

I leaned across the table and, with my face about a foot from his, looked straight into his eyes. They betrayed no sign of recognition, no knowledge of my presence. I am ashamed to say I could not divest myself of the impression that they were looking through me. The pupils were greatly dilated. The lids were wide apart. I lighted a taper and held it before them, but could see no expansion of the iris. It was a case, I confess, entirely beyond my comprehension. I had no experience which might serve as a guide as to what was the best course to adopt. All I could do was to stand and watch carefully for any change.

Save for his regular breathing and a sort of convulsive twitching of his fingers, Carriston might have been a corpse or a statue. His face could scarcely grow paler than it had been before the attack. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable sight—a creepy sight—this motionless man, utterly regardless of all that went on around him, and seeing, or giving one the idea that he saw, something far away. I sighed as I looked at the strange spectacle, and foresaw what the end must surely be. But although I longed for him to awake, I determined on this occasion to let the trance, or fit, run its full course, that I might notice in what manner and how soon consciousness returned.

I must have waited and watched some ten minutes—minutes which seemed to me interminable. At last I saw the lips quiver, the lids flicker once or twice, and eventually close wearily over the eyes. The unnatural tension of every muscle seemed to relax, and, sighing deeply and apparently quite exhausted, Carriston sank back into his chair with beads of perspiration forming on his white brow. The fit was over.

In a moment I was at his side and forcing a glass of wine down his throat. He looked up at me and spoke. His voice was faint, but his words were quite collected.

"I have seen her again," he said. "She is well; but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms

out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her—my poor love! my poor love!"

I waited until I thought he had sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to talk without injurious consequences. "Carriston," I said, "let me ask you a question: Are these trances or visions voluntary or not?"

He reflected for a few moments. "I can't quite tell you," he said; "or, rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop myself from yielding to it."

"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't, you will be raving mad in a month."

"I can't promise that," said Carriston, quietly. "See her at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know as well as you do that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to any one."

In truth, he looked utterly worn out. Very much dissatisfied with his concession, the best I could get from him, I sent him to bed, knowing that natural rest, if he could get it, would do more than any thing else toward restoring a healthy tone to his mind.

CHAPTER VII.

Although Carriston stated that he came to me for aid, and, it may be, protection, he manifested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him. The obstinacy of his refusal to obtain the assistance of the police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really disappeared I was, of course, compelled to believe. It might even be possible that she was kept against her will in some place of concealment. In such a case it behooved us to take proper steps to trace her. Her welfare should not depend upon the hallucinations and eccentric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but resolved, even at the risk of forfeiting Carriston's friendship, to put the whole matter in the hands of the police, unless in the course of a day or two we heard from the girl herself, or Carriston suggested some better plan.

Curiously enough, although refusing to be guided by me, he made no suggestion on his own account. He was racked by fear and suspense, yet his only idea of solving his difficulties seemed to be that of waiting. He did nothing. He simply waited, as if he expected that

chance would bring what he should have been searching for high and low.

Some days passed before I could get a tardy consent that aid should be sought. Even then he would not go to the proper quarter; but he allowed me to summon to our councils a man who advertised himself as being a private detective. This man, or one of his men, came at our call, and heard what was wanted of him. Carriston reluctantly gave him one of Madeline's photographs. He also told him that only by watching and spying on Ralph Carriston's every action could he hope to obtain the clue. I did not much like the course adopted, nor did I like the look of the man to whom the inquiry was intrusted; but at any rate something was being done.

A week passed without news from our agent. Carriston, in truth, did not seem to expect any. I believe he only employed the man in deference to my wishes. He moved about the house in a disconsolate fashion. I had not told him of my interview with his cousin, but had cautioned him on the rare occasions upon which he went out of doors to avoid speaking to strangers, and my servants had strict instructions to prevent any one coming in and taking my guest by surprise.

For I had during those days opened a confidential inquiry on my own account. I wanted to learn something about this Mr. Ralph Carriston. So I asked a man who knew every body to find out all about him.

He reported that Ralph Carriston was a man well known about London. He was married and had a house in Dorsetshire; but the greater part of his time was spent in town. Once he was supposed to be well off; but now it was the general opinion that every acre he owned was mortgaged, and that he was much pressed for money. "But," my informant said, "there is but one life between him and the reversion to large estates, and that life is a poor one. I believe even now there is a talk about the man who stands in his way being mad. If so, Ralph Carriston will get the management of every thing."

After this news, I felt it more than ever needful to keep a watchful eye on my friend. So far as I knew there had been no recurrence of the trance, and I began to hope that proper treatment would effect a complete cure, when, to my great alarm and annoyance, Carriston, while sitting with me, suddenly and without warning, fell into the same strange state of body and mind as previously described. This

time he was sitting in another part of the room. After watching him for a minute or two, and just as I was making up my mind to arouse him and scold him thoroughly for his folly, he sprang to his feet, and shouting, "Let her go! Loose her, I say!" rushed violently across the room—so violently that I had barely time to interpose and prevent him from coming into contact with the opposite wall.

Upon returning to his senses he told me, with great excitement, that he had again seen Madeline; moreover, this time he had seen a man with her—a man who had placed his hand upon her wrist and kept it there; and so, according to Carriston's wild reasoning, became, on account of the contact, visible to him.

He told me he had watched them for some moments, until the man, tightening his grip on the girl's arm, endeavored, he thought, to lead her or induce her to follow him somewhere. At this juncture, unaware that he was gazing at a vision, he had rushed to her assistance in the frantic way I have described, then he awoke.

He also told me he had studied the man's features and general appearance most carefully with a view to future recognition. All these ridiculous statements were made as he made the former ones, with the air of one relating simple, undeniable facts; one speaking the plain, unvarnished truth, and expecting full credence to be given to his words.

It was too absurd! too sad! It was evident to me that the barrier between his hallucinations, dreams, visions, or what he chose to call them, and pure insanity was now a very slight and fragile one. But before I gave his case up as hopeless I determined to make another strong appeal to his common sense. I told him of his cousin's visit to me—of his intentions and proposition. I begged him to consider what consequences his extraordinary beliefs and extravagant actions must eventually entail. He listened attentively and calmly.

"You see now," he said, "how right I was in attributing all this to Ralph Carriston—how right I was to come to you, a doctor of standing, who can vouch for my sanity."

"Vouch for your sanity! How can I when you sit here and talk such arrant nonsense, and expect me to believe it? When you jump from your chair and rush madly at some visionary foe? Sane as you may be in all else, any evidence I could give in your favor must break down in cross-examination if an inkling

of these things got about. Come, Carriston, be reasonable, and prove your sanity by setting about this search for Miss Rowan in a proper way."

He made no reply, but walked up and down the room apparently in deep thought. My words seemed to have had no effect upon him. Presently he seated himself; and, as if to avoid returning to the argument, drew a book at hazard from my shelves and began to read. He opened the volume at random, but after reading a few lines seemed struck by something that met his eyes, and in a few minutes was deeply immersed in the contents of the book. I glanced at it to see what had so awakened his interest. By a curious fatality he had chosen a book the very worst for him in his present frame of mind—Gilchrist's recently published life of William Blake, that masterly memoir of a man who was on certain points as mad as Carriston himself. I was about to remonstrate, when he laid down the volume and turned to me.

"Varley, the painter," he said, "was a firm believer in Blake's visions."

"Varley was a bigger fool than Blake," I retorted. "Fancy his sitting down and watching his clever but mad friend draw spectral heads, and believing them to be genuine portraits of dead kings whose forms condescended to appear to Blake!"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Carriston. "Will you give me some paper and chalk?" he asked. Upon being furnished with these materials he seated himself at the table and began to draw. At least a dozen times he sketched, with his usual rapidity, some object or another, and a dozen times, after a moment's consideration, threw each sketch aside with an air of disappointment and began a fresh one. At last one of his attempts seemed to come up to his requirements. "I have it now, exactly!" he cried, with joy—even triumph—in his voice. He spent some time in putting finishing touches to the successful sketch, then he handed me the paper.

"This is the man I saw just now with Madeline," he said. "When I find him I shall find her." He spoke with all sincerity and conviction. I looked at the paper with, I am bound to say, a great amount of curiosity.

No matter from what visionary source Carriston had drawn his inspiration, his sketch was vigorous and natural enough. I have already mentioned his wonderful power of drawing portraits from memory, so was willing to grant that he might have reproduced the outline of some face which had somewhere struck him. Yet why should it have been this one? His drawing represented the three-quarter face of a man—an ordinary man—apparently between forty and fifty years of age. It was a coarse-featured, ill-favored face, with a ragged ruff of hair round the chin. It was not the face of a gentleman, nor even the face of a gently-nurtured man; and the artist, by a few cunning strokes, had made it wear a crafty and sullen look. The sketch, as I write this, lies before me, so that I am not speaking from memory.

Now, there are some portraits of which without having seen the original, we say, "What splendid likenesses these must be." It was so with Carriston's sketch. Looking at it, you felt sure it was exactly like the man whom it was intended to represent. So that, with the certain amount of art knowledge which I am at least supposed to possess, it was hard for me, after examining the drawing and recognizing the true artist's touch in every line, to bring myself to accept the fact that it was but the outcome of a diseased imagination. As, at this very moment, I glance at that drawing, I scarcely blame myself for the question that faintly frames itself in my innermost heart. "Could it be possible—could there be in certain organizations powers not yet known—not yet properly investigated?"

My thought—supposing such a thought was ever there—was not discouraged by Carriston, who, speaking as if his faith in the bodily existence of the man whose portrait lay in my hand was unassailable, said,

"I noticed that his general appearance was that of a countryman—an English peasant; so in the country I shall find my love. Moreover, it will be easy to identify the man, as the top joint is missing from the middle finger of his right hand. As it lay on Madeline's arm I noticed that."

I argued with him no more. I felt that words would be but wasted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LEGEND OF THE SUNSET REALM.

Suggested by the brilliant skies aflame with rose and amber lights after sunset, brightening as the darkness deepened, in the fall and winter of 1883. These marvelous illuminations caused much speculation among astronomers and scientific men who advanced various theories in regard to the cause.

Upon the gloaming's misty shore,
Beside the sunset rills,
Where softly, silently they pour
From cloudland's rifted hills,
A daring sprite—on mischief set—
Soared upward till she spied,
Past twilight's strand, a sea of jet,
A dark, mysterious tide.

"Ah! there," in ecstasy she cried,
"Lies that forbidden shore;
If sought by those who here abide,
They shall return no more."
Thus saith our queen, but her command
Is nothing unto me,
If I can reach the wonder-land
That bounds yon inky sea.

I'm weary of this splendid scene,
Its crimson and its gold,
My long, bright tresses lose their sheen
Mid sunset clouds unrolled;
The violet fire that lights mine eyes,
So like yon twilight hill,
Is lost when all these sapphire skies
With purple splendors fill.

Oh! let me swim yon solemn deep,
And loose my shining hair
Along those rayless waves to sweep
Like glistening sea-weed there;
The shadow of my cheek shall flush
Their darkness, and the smiles
From my red lips bring there a blush
Like melting coral isles.

'Tis said a black-browed monarch dwells
Beside yon sullen tide,
And I would witch him with my spells
To woo me for his bride;
From his high throne I'd win him down
To swim with me, or sail,
And laugh to see his jet black crown
Wrapped in my amber veil.

My lovers here are cloudland fays,
Too dainty and too fair;
I'm weary of their vapid praise,
A crown awaits me there;

A crown of stars! a throne to share
With the stern king of night,
I'd rather shine 'mid darkness there
Than surfeit here on light!

With gauzy pinions widely spread,
Down swept that reckless sprite,
Heedless of danger, void of dread,
Into the deeps of night.
And, lo! the black king sailing there
Felt heart, soul, senses reel
When shadows of her golden hair
Came breaking round his keel.

He saw the flush from lip and cheek,
The shadow of a smile,
So witching that he plunged to seek
A thing could thus beguile
His love, who lured with laugh and prank,
While on and on he sped,
And down through depths of darkness sank,
By willful beauty led.

Allured, entranced by matchless charms,
He followed with such zest
That round her form his brawny arms
At last were softly pressed;
He kissed her lips, her brow, her eyes,
While she—poor, reckless thing!—
Was in no humor to despise
The kisses of a king.

They miss her from the twilight realm,
And when great waves of light
Come rushing up and overwhelm
The border-lands of night,
They deem her fickle heart doth long
For brighter scenes again,
But Night's firm, clinging arms are strong,
And she must pine in vain.

Her beauty flecks with wondrous sheen,
The halls through which she glides,
And where black billows erst were seen,
Now red or amber tides
Leap flaming on Eve's shadowy shore,
No longer cold and gray,
But to her sunset home no more
Returns that captive fay.

Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

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"WERE YOU SCARED?"

"A Soldier, and Afraid!"

A PERFECT analysis of the sensations of men while in action can never be written, because mankind can never join in the possession of a single temperament. A thousand men impelled by like forces will furnish as many varying emotions. "Were you scared?" is a question most soldiers describing a battle have been asked by some member of the noble army of non-combatants. The hope is indulged that the veterans have always answered it truly.

General Grant, in his forthcoming volume of *Reminiscences*, touches upon this point. Describing his feelings when entering his first battle of the Civil War, at Belmont, he says, in substance, "My heart came up in my mouth, and I wished I was back at home in Illinois, but I kept right on." This is a diplomatic setting for the honest expression, "I was scared;" but the concluding term, "I kept right on," is so characteristic of this great soldier's military career that one can pardon the seeming weakness in his confession. It should be remembered, too, that Grant had already "fleshed his maiden sword" in honorable service during the war with Mexico, and that he entered the late war with something of the veteran about him.

It is occasionally stated by persons who, having been under fire, should know better, that men, once they are in the midst of a battle, lose all sense of physical danger, and with it, of course, the sensation of fear. To a certain extent only is this statement true. Were it entirely so, brave troops would never, without orders, retreat. Even under the enemy's heaviest fire, lines would never waver, break, and rush in confusion to the rear. The bravest troops have done these things; will do them again. Veterans, it is true, by frequent contact with the enemy, lose much of that dread of the perils of battle which characterized their early service; but to say that they ever entirely lose it, is to dehumanize and reduce men to mere automata—a point which even the Germans have not reached, though the armies of their Empire, perhaps, most closely approach it. There is a good deal of human nature about a soldier, and not even the iron rule of military discipline can wholly destroy the sense of self-preservation. If this sense happens to be aroused in the midst of a battle—a very natural event when the loss of life is marked—the ablest veteran is prone to fall into the wake

of the new recruit, who is making a retrograde movement without consulting his commanding officer. In justice to the raw recruit, it should be stated that the reprehensible example of a change of base without orders has frequently been set for him by the hero of many battles. It is not a reflection upon either the able veteran or the tender youngster fighting his first battle, that they have done these things. The most illustrious names upon the pages of history might be written in the list with their own, and the same charges would apply to each. Were it otherwise, war, from being a game of strategy and science, would descend to mere brute force and murder.

Why do men become soldiers? From many causes, including the incomprehensible. In the volunteer service, we will grant that a sense of duty is the impelling motive, though the impetuosity of youth has recruited many a regiment. Many "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," many become soldiers through mercenary motives, and yet others because they have nothing else to do. It is occasionally said of certain persons that their military ardor is born of an actual love of fighting. This may be true, but most veterans will reserve the privilege of doubting it. I am persuaded that these sanguinary warriors really prefer the seclusion that a bomb-proof grants, while from its protection they slay their myriads of defenseless foes. I met several of these gentry, these lovers of fighting for mere fighting's sake, during the late war, but it was always in camp or on the calm and peaceful march. The honor of seeing one of these sons of Mars in the neighborhood of what Milton calls "the battle's perilous edge" was denied me.

The best soldiers, the manliest, truest men are those volunteers who carry knapsack, box, and gun from a patriotic sense of duty, backed by a manly pride. The Federal and Confederate armies contained many such as these, who, with their blood, wrote the imperishable history of the American soldier, and whose honorable deeds will be recalled with pride when the braggarts, the blustering *Pistols* have crumbled into dust and been deservedly forgotten.

The mercenaries furnish a small and distinct class in the American volunteer armies. These

enter the service because they happen to be idle. The recruiting office is open, the pay afforded is fair, the bounty enticing, and they enlist. Captured by the enemy, to escape the torturing monotony of a military prison, these fellows during the late war readily replaced the uniforms they wore, and donning those of their captors went forth with a second bounty in their pockets to fight and kill their recent messmates, comrades, friends—if such beings can have friends. This was done in the military prisons both in the North and the South, but, to the honor of American manhood, it was rarely native blood which proved thus recreant to a sacred trust.

Army life develops strange phases of character. One of the bravest men in battle whom I have ever known was a coward at home, at school, and in the camp. He would resent no insult, was sometimes imposed upon, and yet could be forced into no personal conflict. It was not from any Christian scruples that he refused to fight, as he was in some respects a rather wicked man. In battle he was the calm, brave embodiment of a thorough fighting man. I rode by his side in battle for a half hour after a musket ball had torn his foot to pieces, and yet he made no sign of his wound, uttered no complaint, fighting like the splendid soldier that he was until his death-like, white face attracted attention and he told of his wound and his agony in response alone to anxious inquiries.

In the same regiment was a real coward, who would fight no battles of any description, in camp or out of it. When the first gun of an engagement was fired he quietly, unostentatiously dropped out of line and retrograded. Punishment had no effect upon him. He was the truest and most serene coward I ever met, and was only tolerated in the command on account of his unfailing good humor, kind heart and general usefulness about the camp. In one other respect he was not without his uses. He was the regimental historian, a little verbose in his report, but usually accurate. A day or two after a battle he would turn up in camp with a detailed account of the engagement in which he had taken no part and about which he could give the general in command many useful points. With an education he would have made a useful and lasting war correspondent. He had reduced the noble art of taking care of himself to an exact science, and had the happy knack of picking up all the news without once getting hurt while in its pursuit.

Another queer fellow whom I knew in the army was a man who would fight any man or set of men on the slightest provocation if they would call upon him in camp. He was, perhaps, the best armed man in the Confederate army; his accouterments were the finest, the best kept, and altogether the most ornate in the service. Besides his gun, glittering in its brightness, he carried two splendid cavalry pistols and a murderous-looking bowie-knife encased in a silver scabbard. In the language of a noted member of the Louisville bar, "he was a walking arsenal." Yet this man, with all his splendid armament, never fired a shot at the enemy during his four years' service, nor did he permit the enemy to fire any at him if within his power to prevent it. A quiet, genteel fellow in camp, but a fighter at short notice when insulted or offended, he was an unobtrusive, constitutional coward when the serious work began on a battle-field. Occasionally he talked of his unfortunate infirmity with those whom he liked, at which times he freely admitted that he had not a spark of moral courage or personal pride when he heard a hostile gun fired, and that it was a physical impossibility for him to remain within the danger-line on such occasions. To have compelled him to face the enemy even in a mere skirmish would possibly have caused his death from simple fright.

A word of encouragement is valuable beyond estimate to many soldiers who, without being amenable to the actual charge of cowardice, lose self-control in the moment of great danger. A regiment was under a heavy fire from a concealed enemy. A mounted soldier in line of battle lay on the neck of his horse in an almost hopeless effort to escape the storm of bullets. The enemy advanced from his shelter and was met by a heavy fire from the regiment. Still the soldier convulsively embraced his horse, taking no part in the action. A comrade at his side, placing his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder and calling his name, said, kindly but firmly, "This will never do; sit up and help us give it to them." The effect was instantaneous; the soldier sat up with a determined glance and cheery answer, "All right, —; if you say so, I'll do it," and did his duty like a man, even when his comrade who had cheered him had fallen, stricken at his side. He served as a faithful soldier till the war had closed, and a kind word spoken at the proper moment made him the true man that he was.

Men in action are like men out of it—the creatures of controlling passions. One is as calm as if on dress-parade, while his equally brave but more nervous comrade will be restless under fire, anxious to have the issue determined by the cast of a die, a dash at the lines, a death at the head of his columns if need be. The first would hold a chosen position to the death; the second would lead a forlorn hope to victory, and, dying, would count it good fortune that the honor had been tendered him. I do not believe the calm man any braver than his impetuous comrade. Each has a force impelling him to the same end, though it run less impetuously in one channel.

I believe that each soldier, if he tell the truth, as he will if he be a brave soldier, will admit that more than once, when his courage almost failed him, his pride sustained him and prevented his bringing reproach upon the uniform he wore and the colors under which he fought. This may be deemed a rash expression in a country where the soldier is so highly honored as in this, but it is the truth. There lives no veteran soldier who believes the man who says that in battle he never felt the sense of fear or the dread of death. The knowledge of experience separates that sort of dross from the gold

of a real soldier's sentiments and knowledge. If courage fail, what then shall sustain the soldier? Duty? Yes, to a certain extent. But courage wholly fled and the restraining influence of personal pride absent, the sense of duty which holds a soldier to the death is very finely attuned. Would I depreciate the character of the American soldier and his well-earned record for courage? By no means. I deem him in many respects the finest soldier of the age, as he is certainly the most intelligent. He unites within himself the essential qualities of the true soldier. His patriotism is undoubted, his endurance almost without limit, while his courage has stood the crucial test of a thousand battle-fields, and his pride in his name and honor is a part of the great history of his country. The combination of genuine courage and true pride are in no nation more happily blended than in the American soldiery. Their splendid conduct in the field is only equaled by the readiness with which they adapt themselves to the pursuits of peace when war's alarms are fled, becoming as excellent citizens as they have been admirable soldiers. I can find no stronger, juster terms with which to define their character, and with them I conclude this article.

E. Polk Johnson.

A CORNER FOR THE CRITICS.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL NOVEL.—In point of descriptions—often archeologically valuable, and always full of artistic puissance—the century has probably produced no volume equal to *Salammbô*. It is the masterpiece of a very great master, who combined the fancy of a Doré with the word-power of a Gautier—and toned the whole with a realism peculiarly his own. Many of the pictures are so frightful that they can no more be erased from the memory than the recollection of some horrible personal experience. Furthermore Flaubert's descriptions have, in other respects, the merit of absolute novelty. He depicted what no other author ever attempted, such as the attack of a Greek phalanx by desert horsemen and mercenary infantry, the terrible living machine continually varying its form in geometrical figures according to the pressure of battle, but ever retaining a mathematical outline. There is a description of the Temple of Tanit that makes the flesh creep—a description of such somber magnificence that the reader feels as dazed and awestruck as if actually passing through the scenes described. As for *Salammbô* herself—the beautiful priestess, and bride of the Sacred Serpent—who surrenders her life and her honor to recover the Holy Veil, be it remembered that the chapter devoted especially to her has already inspired the production of some exquisite canvases. Flaubert's work is indeed worthy of inspiring even an Alma Tadema for archeological composition, or a Doré for sinister effects.—*New Orleans Times*.

MR. HOWELLS' NOVELS.—A letter from Boston to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: Mr. Howells' novels are regarded in Boston as an excellent commercial speculation, and as such are very highly esteemed. Mr. Howells is an ideal man of business, prompt, reliable, and methodical. When he announces that it is his purpose to begin a novel at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 19th day of the month, and to complete it at a specified date, it is a matter on which it is safe to prophecy. That inherent quality of genius, the unknown element, the mysterious, divine, incalculable power, is not an element of the constructive work of Mr. Howells. He has his forces all in hand, so to speak, and he marshals them out at the proper times and seasons.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

The First Written Form of Government.

Referring to the comment of Mr. Stone, in your last issue, upon my article on the life and character of George Mason, I beg to say that I entertain no purpose nor desire to go beyond the mark in any claim that I may make in behalf of my native State, or of my great ancestor. My authority for the statement that the Virginia Bill of Rights and Constitution form the first written form of government "ever adopted by a free people," was the late Hon. William McCarty, and, as I remember, he stated that the final adoption of the government by the people antedated such action by the people in any other State. My statement is in part founded on a letter of Colonel Mason to a friend in England, in which he himself states, as to the Bill of Rights, that it was the first thing of the kind which had appeared on the continent, and had been closely followed by the other States. I must ask you to allow me to put that letter in evidence, as it is, in itself, eminently worthy of preservation. I beg again to assure Mr. Stone that I have neither desire nor purpose to detract from the merits of other men or other sections. I believe that gentlemen of the North may be relied upon to put their own case as strongly as it can be put, keeping facts and reasonable probabilities in view; and I know that the more the character and public services of Colonel Mason are discussed, the greater and the purer will they appear.

The name of the person to whom the following letter was addressed had become erased by time from the original from which this copy was made by me, and I have failed to ascertain to whom it was addressed.

The copy, which is perfectly exact, is as follows:

VIRGINIA: GUNSTON HALL, October 2, 1778.

My Dear Sir: It gave me great pleasure upon receipt of your favor of April 2nd (by Mr. Digges), to hear that you are alive and well in a country where you can spend your time agreeably, not having heard a word from you or of you for two years before.

I am much obliged by the friendly concern you take in my domestic affairs, and your kind inquiries after my family. Great alterations have taken place in it. About four years ago, I had the misfortune to lose my wife. To you, who knew her and the happy manner in which we lived together, I will not attempt to describe my feelings. I was scarce able to bear the first shock and depression of spirits. A settled melancholy followed, from which I never expect or desire to recover. I determined to spend the remainder of my days in privacy and quiet with my children, from whose society alone I could expect comfort. Some of them are now grown up to men and women, and I have the satisfaction to see them free from vices, good natured, obliging, and dutiful. They all still remain single and live with me except my second daughter, who is lately married to my neighbor's son.

My eldest daughter, who is blessed with her mother's amiable disposition, is mistress of my family and manages my little domestic affairs with a degree of prudence far above her years. My eldest son engaged early in the American cause, and was chosen ensign of the first independent company formed in Virginia, commanded by the present General Washington as captain. In the year 1775 he was appointed a captain of foot in one of the first minute regiments

raised here, but was soon obliged to quit the service by a violent illness which has followed him ever since, and, I believe, will force him to try the climate of France or Italy. My other sons have not yet finished their education; as soon as they do, if the war continues, they seem strongly inclined to take an active part.

In the summer of 1775 I was, much against my inclination, dragged out of my retirement by the people of my county, and sent a delegate to the General Convention, at Richmond, where I was appointed a member of the first committee of safety, and have since, at different times, been chosen a member of the Privy Council and of the American Congress. To show you that I have not been an idle spectator of this great contest, and to amuse you with the sentiments of an old friend upon an important subject, I inclose you a copy of the first draught of the Declaration of Rights, just as it was drawn and presented by me to the Virginia Convention, where it received a few alterations, some of them I think not for the better. This was the first thing of the kind upon the continent, and has been closely imitated by the other States. There is a remarkable sameness in all the forms of government throughout the States of the American Union, except in the States of South Carolina and Pennsylvania, the first having three branches of legislature, and the last only one. All the other States have two. This difference has given general disgust, and it is probable an alteration will soon take place to assimilate these two to the constitutions of the other States. We have laid our new government upon a broad foundation, and have endeavored to provide the most effectual securities for the most essential rights of human nature, both in civil and religious liberty. The people become every day more attached to it, and I trust that neither the power of Great Britain nor all the powers of hell will be able to prevail against it. There never was an idler or a falsar notion than that which the British ministry have imposed upon the nation: that this great revolution has been the work of a faction, of a junto of ambitious men, against the sense of the people of America. On the contrary, nothing has been done without the approbation of the people, who have indeed outrun their leaders, so that no capital measure hath been adopted until they called loudly for it. To any one who knows mankind this needs no other proof than the cordial manner in which they have co-operated and the patience and perseverance with which they have struggled under their sufferings, which have been greater than you at a distance can conceive of or I describe. Equally false is the assertion that independence was originally designed here. Things have gone such lengths that it is a matter of moonshine to us whether independence was at first intended or not: therefore we may now be believed. The truth is, we have been forced into it as the only means of preservation to guard our country and posterity from the worst of all evils, such another infernal government (if it deserves the name of government) as the Provincs groaned under in the latter ages of the Roman commonwealth. To talk of replacing us in the situation of 1763, as we first asked, is to the last degree absurd and impossible. They obstinately refused it when it was in their power, and now that it is out of their power they offer it. Can they raise our cities out of their ashes? Can they replace the ease and affluence of the thousands of families they have ruined? Can they restore the husband to the widow, the child to the parent,

the father to the orphan? In a word, can they reanimate the dead? Our country has been made the scene of desolation and blood. Enormities and cruelties have been committed here which not only disgrace the British name but dishonor the human kind. We can never again trust a people who have thus used us. Human nature revolts at the idea. The die is cast, the Rubicon is crossed, and a reconciliation with Great Britain upon the terms of our returning to her government is impossible.

No man was more warmly attached to the family of Hanover or the Whig interests of England than I was; and few men had stronger prejudices in favor of that form of government under which I was born and bred, or a greater aversion to changing it. It was ever my opinion that no good man would wish to try so dangerous an experiment merely upon a sentiment without an absolute necessity. The ancient poets, in their elegant manner, have made a sort of being of necessity and tell us the gods themselves have to yield to her. When I was myself first a member of the convention, I exerted myself to prevent a confiscation, and although I was for putting the country immediately in a state of defense and preparing for the worst, yet as long as we had any well-founded hopes of reconciliation I opposed to the utmost of my power all violent measures and such as might shut the door to it. But when reconciliation became a lost hope; when unconditional submission or effectual resistance were the only alternatives left us; when the last dutiful and humble petition of Congress received no other response than declaring us rebels and out of the king's protection, I, from that moment, looked forward to the revolution and independence as the only means of salvation, and will risk the last penny of my fortune and the last drop of my blood upon the issue. For to imagine that we could resist the efforts of Great Britain, still professing ourselves her subjects, or support a defensive war against a powerful nation without the reins of government in the hands of America (whatever our pretended friends in Great Britain may say of it), is too childish and futile an idea to enter into the head of any man of sense. I am not singular in my opinions; these are the sentiments of more than nine tenths of the best men in America.

God has been pleased to still bless our efforts in a just cause with remarkable success. To us upon the spot, who have seen step by step the progress of this great contest, who know the defenseless state of America in the beginning and the numberless difficulties we have had to struggle against, taking a retrospective view of what is passed, we seemed to have been treading upon an enchanted ground. The case is now altered. American prospects brighten, and appearances are now strongly in our favor. The British ministry must and will acknowledge us independent States.

[Signed] GEORGE MASON.

Certainly the foregoing long letter is more than sufficient for my primary purpose of making some reply to the criticism with which Mr. Stone has honored me, but as this letter has never, I believe, been printed, I am sure you will deem it worth the valuable space it will occupy in the *BIVOUAC*. Allow me only to add that I have reason to think the person to whom this letter was written was Albert Fairfax, who could not bring himself to act with the Colonies against Great Britain, and that many of the sentiments here so strongly expressed were in reply to the deprecatory arguments of his former neighbor and friend, for whose motives and course of action Colonel Mason seems to have entertained a delicate respect. I

beg, finally, once more to assure Mr. Stone that I have no desire or intention to shoot beyond the mark. I believe that Northern historians, and even Virginia historians have not done justice to the memory of my great ancestor, and I still think that my statement, that the Virginia government was the first adopted by a free people, will be found to be true, seeing that the constitutions perfected by the conventions were frequently submitted to the people for adoption, and other delays in their final adoption occurred. I have now put in evidence Colonel Mason himself, on the point of the imitation of the Virginia plan by other States, and so rest my case.

I have yet in my possession a long and most able letter from Colonel Mason to Patrick Henry, against the wrong and impolicy of the repudiation of the debts due by the colonies to the British merchants, which at a convenient time I will give your readers, if so desired.

M. G. ELIZY, M. D.

Personal Incidents of the War.

We all desire that a history of "The War" should be written, preserving a faithful record of its dates, events, failures, successes, efforts, and results. The most trivial facts serve to illustrate the most imposing historical events. There is indeed no possibility of preserving a worthy record of that great conflict, unless we gather, while the actors still live, their life history during the struggle, the individual experiences of those who fought the battles of the Confederacy: And such battles, fought not only against shot and shell and steel, but against the more dreaded enemies, cold and heat, hunger and thirst and deadly discouragement. How the young heart would swell with pride at each triumph, and ache with sorrow at every defeat; how harrowing every tale of wounds and death, how thrilling each hairbreadth escape, how charming the commonest details of life in camp and garrison and on the march!

I recall, just now, a gentleman of grave and self-contained demeanor, whose greatest grievance now is an off-night at Boston, or a cup of coffee a trifle too clear or sweet or strong. Once he was a major in the Confederate army—one of the heroic band who, in the Valley of Virginia, fought, from the beginning to the end of the war, against odds unheard of since Thermopylae. Why will he not tell, so that it may be preserved in print, some of the strange and sad and amusing stories of his soldier's life? Why will he not tell them of the corn-pone made of meal, coarse as hominy, without "shortening" or salt, which for weeks was his one daily ration? Why not tell them of the prison-mess at Fort Delaware, where, to the shivering, hungry inmates, a fat rat was a *bonne bouche* to be longed for and remembered; and how his friend Harrison, crowded into the topmost bunk, would sit strumming on his old guitar, their best antidote against melancholy, madness, and despair? Why not tell them of the gallant men who fell on his right hand and on his left while he passed through unscathed; or, of that desperate ride, when, leaping his good horse over fences and across ditches, he bore off the field poor Ramsen—in whose breast the fatal bullet had found its way—only to fall into the hands of the enemy; or, how a shell burst on the flank of his faithful little mare, who, when he dismounted and left her to die in peace, struggled to follow, leaning her face against his shoulder, appealing with her

neigh for help, to the Master she had borne safely through so many perils? Why not tell them, and all the world, any thing, every thing, that will enable them to understand and appreciate the magnitude of individual effort, the intensity of individual suffering, the sublimity of endurance, conviction, and self-devotion, displayed by the men who made up the armies of the South in the War of Secession?

There is a famous *raconteur*, once on the staff of General Sterling Price, to whose war talk I have listened, sometimes with uncontrollable laughter at his inimitable description of some curious character or some odd scene, sometimes with tears I could not repress, at his pathetic story of the suffering and death of some humble hero; sometimes, when he described, with thrilling effect—what so often happened—the defeat by overwhelming numbers of some brave command, longing (as though the strife was not yet ended), with an agony of desire that would not be denied, for the reinforcements needed to change the tide of battle. What a story he could tell, if he would draw a picture with his ready pen of the battle of Corinth, and how unnumbered noble acts of individual daring, though they could not turn defeat into victory, made more glorious the cause for which so many there gave up their lives. He could tell how Charlie Phiefer, bravest of the brave, tossed his cap over into the enemy's entrenchments with a hurrah for the Southern Confederacy and Fanny Molloy; and of Rogers, indomitable even in death, who, scornful quarter, faced, at the very wall of Robinet, its deadly guns, and in defiance hurled his emptied revolver at the foe, dying so bravely as to win their open admiration of his courage and a burial at their hands, with military honors, on the spot where he fell.

I have heard him tell of a camp in Arkansas to which he was sent with orders. As he neared it he heard no sound indicating the presence of men of war, but the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, the bleating of lambs, the lowing of cattle, and other like noises such as a crowded barn-yard or zoölogical garden might yield—a peaceful oasis in the desert of war. Dismounting, he found some sixty good men and true of General Churchill's command, who, condemned to leisure by the lack of pantaloons, were thus endeavoring to provide occupation and appease hunger.

I wish I could give you, in the graphic language of the same gifted friend, an incident of the fight at Iuka, which deserves to have been chronicled by Froissart. General Price and his staff were stationed on the side of a hill, while a Mississippi regiment was advancing to attack the enemy's right as they advanced to the charge, led by their Colonel riding a large, red-roan horse. They were mowed down like ripe grain by a Federal masked battery, and after a few minutes' gallant but useless effort, retreated down the hill. In the thick of the fight, without hat or coat, ragged and blood-stained, stood a tall, raw-boned man, boldly outlined to those below him, against the sky, his shock of red hair bristling as if in horror at the disgraceful flight of his comrades. With one strong hand he held his Colonel's horse, the other brandished his musket, grasped at the middle, while with a loud, clear voice he shouted, "Men of Mississippi, for God's sake come back!" He cried in vain. The retreat continued. He paused a moment, and then casting off the horse, he flung his musket down the hill and stalked grimly after his comrades, seem-

ing to care no more for the shot whistling about him than if they were the drops of a sudden summer shower. So he passed out of sight. Not long afterward came the terrible charge through the *abatis* around Corinth, led by the brave Green, of Missouri. The battery was captured and the enemy driven into Corinth, but at dreadful cost of life. Amid the thick smoke of battle, surrounded by his staff and the remnant of his men, the dead strewn all about, General Price sat upon his horse. Just then came two men supporting between them a comrade, bleeding from a ghastly wound, barely able to walk, his head drooping upon the shoulders of his friends. They must have told him of the presence of General Price, for the wounded man, with a supreme effort, stood erect, and, saluting with military precision, said, "General Price, the —th Mississippi has this day redeemed its disgrace at Iuka." He it was who vainly tried to rally his retreating comrades on the hillside at Iuka. He summoned all his failing strength for these last words to his commander, and without another utterance he died. Who can give us the name of this hero, and the number of that Mississippi regiment, that they may be remembered and honored as they deserve?

As I write, the beautiful form and face of one of the boy-heroes of the war rises before me, a boy not twenty years of age, born and bred in luxury, who threw aside his books, and with his class-mates, at the school of Mr. Dinwiddie, in Virginia, enlisted in a battery. No man could have fought more gallantly or endured more patiently. He seemed never wearied on the march, and he always made camp merry. Thoughtful of his mother in Missouri, he sent part of each month's pay toward his indebtedness for tuition, which he feared, under the changed circumstances, his mother could not, perhaps, conveniently pay; and mindful of her wishes and his duty, he never failed to go to church on the Sabbath, when he could. On the retreat from Gettysburg, a friend seeking him met him as he tramped, whistling, barefooted through the dust beside his gun, and offered him assistance. But he smilingly declined all aid. General Bushrod Johnson with his small command was surrounded on the 12th of May, 1865, by Hancock's division, and sent back an order to surrender. Some of the men of Captain Carrington's battery sought to evade this order, but this brave boy, leaping upon his gun and waving his cap, cried, "Don't go back. Come on boys." As he stood thus a minie ball pierced his broad, white brow—the last man shot after the surrender. And the next day his friends found and buried his body, with the Testament given him by his mother still in the pocket over his heart. He was only a private, but Bayard's self was not a braver soldier nor a better man.

ST. LOUIS.

F. W. GOODE.

Death of General Cleburne.

Some time since I called attention to the inaccuracies of current history in regard to the manner of General Pat. Cleburne's death, at Franklin, Tennessee. The subject has been brought to my mind again by Mr. James Barr's letter in your October number. Mr. Barr having been a member of Company E, Sixty-fifth Illinois regiment.

History had it that Cleburne and horse were killed on top of the works, which was incorrect. It was General John Adams, of Loring's division, Stewart's

corps. Early next morning I assisted in putting his body in an ambulance; also the body of General Cleburne. Adams's horse was a bay. It was dead upon the works, with front legs toward inner side of works, and hind legs on outer side. Adams's body was lying outside, at base of works, when I helped to pick it up. Cleburne's body was not less than fifty or sixty yards from works, and on nearly a straight line from where Adams fell. This may appear strange, as the two Generals belonged to different divisions and different corps. There were repeated charges made upon the works. When one command was repulsed another would be thrown forward. I do not write this on account of any admiration or love of that desperate and bloody occasion. That fate and the God of battles were against Southern arms and Southern prowess in that war was only too truly proven on that occasion. It was not the battalions and cannons within that kept us out of Franklin, but inexorable fate, and the will of Him who controls and manages the destinies of all nations.

Yours truly,
VICKSBURG, MISS. JOHN MCQUAIDE.

Persian Wit.

Sheik Moslih Eddin was born at Shiraz at the close of the twelfth century, and lived to take part in the Crusades under Malek ab Nasser Salah ed Dun Abu-Modhafer Yusef, the Saladin of our medieval poetry, dying the year before his heroic leader, the rival of Richard Coeur de Lion, in A. D. 1291. Saadi studied at Bagdad, after which he gave what the Germans call his *Lahryahr* to the discipline of a dervish, making fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, besides journeys in East Indies, Egypt, Syria, in the last of which he was captured, fighting against the Crusaders. Redeemed by a merchant of Aleppo, whose daughter he married, he returned, after thirty years' wandering, to Shiraz, where he built himself a hermitage, the usual course of Oriental scholars of the period.

His influence, and the influence of other Arabic and Persian scholars in science and art upon the barbarous Western World, brought in contact with them in the Crusades and in Spain is curious and remarkable. It is to them is due the study and preservation of the classics, beside their own scientific investigations in physics and medicine, far superior to the rude superstition of the West. In literature they were equally brilliant, their conceptions partaking of the bright freshness and copious hyperbole of the East. But their keenness lacked none of the pure Attic salt as in

SAADI'S DEVIL.

I've read a legend somewhere in a book,
Of one who saw the devil in a dream,
Of stature like the cypress, and a look
Of such sweet melancholy eyes, they seem

An angel's memory of Paradise,
A face whose noble lineaments expressed
A patient grandeur, like the morning skies,
Whom now with reverence due, he thus addressed:

Can this be He? No nymph or angel sure
Can statelier be, fair as the moon at full,
By proverbs mocked and pencil's caricature
On every bath-house wall and vestibule!
Scornful the Fiend replied: Because I pass
By vermin of which I made Eden free,
Distorted as things seen through knotted glass,
They paint their ugly souls in painting me.

Saadi, following Ferdausi, an elder poet, has a significant epigram applicable to the Darwin theory:

If you set the pea-hen of paradise
On a raven's egg, to be fed on pulp
Of the figs of Eden that satisfies,
And, to quench her thirst, a precious gulp
Of its holy fountains of pure delight;
Let the angel Gabriel day and night
Watch over the nest where the pea-hen sets,
To inspire the germ in its heavenly haven,
For all this nursing the egg begets
A common raven, and only a raven.

Evidently the elective affinities did not weigh much in Saadi's philosophy. Ferdausi states the same more briefly:

Sow bitter apple-seed in the sweet Elysian fields,
And water it with bliss-inspiring nectar,
Manure it with honey and ambrosia;
Its juices have the harshness and the tartness
Of the colocynthis apple every time.

When the latter poet was banished from the Court of Sultan Mahmud of Ghaznah, by Khojah Hussain Maimandi, the vizier, he left this epigram with his friend Ayaz, the Sultan's favorite:

For life at Court you hold my arts in scorn,
Nor fear the wit that ridicules your bauble;
So yonder ant, rich in a heap of corn,
Grubs in the dirt, and thinks its life is noble.

For this little spice of malice Ferdausi was like to have been hoist by his own petard. He meant to skip out before the thing exploded, but Ayaz was so tickled with its smartness he showed it to the Sultan at once, and the vizier promptly explained that the sting of the thing was at Mahmud himself, who thundered out, "That the foot of the elephant shall teach the refractory the lesson of obedience;" and Ayaz again had to hustle the too witty poet into the private quarters of the king's garden before closing them made intercession impossible, and to use an orientalism, Ferdausi "had to eat his own dirt" to save him from being trodden to death by an elephant.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

NO candid observer can fail to acknowledge the baneful effects of party spirit in the conduct of governmental affairs. In the South the evils of the spoils system have been especially marked. By the disposition of patronage, by the degradation of the public service, by constituting the office-holding element an army of invasion and aggression, the Republican party maintained itself in the South long after it had lost that popular support which is supposed to be essential to republican government. The office-holders in the South are not all of a class; they are not all like those who controlled the returning boards of Louisiana, nor like those who, until the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, made popular government in Florida a farce, but the prostitution of the public service to party ends was of a character to cause alarm among all who cherished the principles of popular government.

Such a condition of affairs as is thus indicated makes the people of the South somewhat impatient with civil service reform. They ask, and, naturally enough, for immediate relief. Every petty office in the South is a center of infection, and, not waiting to determine the character of the disease, they insist that it be stamped out at once, and that later there follow such measures as will be necessary to prevent a return of the disease. In other words, they believe that a change, radical and thorough, is essential to any real reform of the civil service.

This insistence follows different lines from that opposition which has manifested itself in the North against the policy of Mr. Cleveland. It comes with the purpose of elevating the public service; it requires not so much the installation of active party workers as the removal of men who have secured office only to use it in order to thwart the wishes of the community in which they reside. There is little or nothing to be said in defense of any part of the service in the South. We hear much of late concerning the progress of the mail service, but in the South the post-office department is ten years behind the post-office in the North. Popular wishes are nowhere respected; public necessities are not considered. The prevalent idea is that the people exist for the good of the department, not the department for the service of the people. Every branch of the business is subordinated to Eastern requirements, and promptness and frequency are nowhere studied. A demand for a fast mail service from Louisville to New Orleans would be thought audacious. In the North every effort is made to accommodate the press and the business community; at Louisville, at Atlanta, at New Orleans the press and the business community must await the convenience of the Northern and Eastern cities. At Louisville there is no mail for the South until midday. This statement is sufficient to condemn the whole system, and yet there are other charges equally serious relating to risks and uncertainties. The loss of letters containing money, the failure to deliver newspapers and magazines carefully and plainly directed, to which newspapers in the South have to submit hopelessly, would, in New York, lead to such a clamor as to cause the resignation of a Postmaster-General.

The Southern people will not antagonize a genuine

civil service reform; they will support no set of politicians which insist that the spoils theory is essential to party government. They have no fear of an aristocracy of office-holders, a permanent office-holding class, but they do insist on practical business methods in every department of the public service. This necessarily implies the dismissal not only of dishonest officials against whom specific charges can be sustained, but likewise the discharge of inefficient servants whose incompetency, while generally recognized, is not of a character which can be specifically set forth. The efficiency of a service should no more be sacrificed to maintain inviolate a few cast-iron and somewhat pedantic rules than it should be destroyed in order to maintain party supremacy.

The argument against the system that has prevailed since the adoption of the Constitution is two fold:

First, it degrades the service.

Second, it corrupts politics.

These arguments can not be refuted; experience for a century has demonstrated their truth. Accepting them, they must be acted on, and the first assures us that our civil service is degraded. It is filled by the beneficiaries of the spoils system. Our custom-houses and post-offices are filled with men who have year after year manipulated conventions and packed ward meetings, and who hold these official positions simply because they have rendered this party service. And the first step to reform, if reform is to be permanent, is to vacate the offices which have been filled in this way.

Moreover, public offices have been filled by the Republicans to the exclusion of Democrats. Democrats have been under the ban. They have been stigmatized as disloyal. The Republican office-holders have assumed that the Republican party was the government, and have acted on this assumption. This spirit must be eradicated. Office-holders, as well as the people, must be taught that no party is the government, and it is a fair demand that there be at least an equal division of the offices as a condition precedent to civil service reform.

That a partisan civil service is demoralizing and dangerous is undeniable. It was a partisan civil service which secured the nomination of General Grant for the second term; it was a degraded partisan service which prevented the inauguration of Mr. Tilden. It was an organized and active partisan civil service which decided the election in 1880. The office-holders, using the power place conferred, have held for more than twelve years "the balance of power." The Democrats have had to defeat the Republican party and the one hundred thousand office-holders. They have finally accomplished this work, and the reform of the service should be thorough and radical. It must begin at the bottom. The foundation of the new civil service must be broadened and strengthened; it must be nationalized and lifted from the slums of party politics.

That is the first step, and it is essential to any progress. When this work has been accomplished, when the administrative departments have been reformed, purified, elevated, the next step defining the causes for removals and fixing the rules to which

applicants must conform, will be easy. Patronage, such as is by courtesy and not as a constitutional prerogative supposed to belong to our senators and representatives, should be destroyed. It is slowly undermining representative government and making market places of our legislative halls.

IT is of the utmost importance that all papers relating to any of the events of the war should be made public. In 1874 Congress passed an act "to enable the Secretary of War to begin the publication of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, both of the Union and Confederate Armies." In 1880 Congress provided for the publication of 10,000 copies of a compilation of these Official Records.

General Marcus J. Wright was in 1878 appointed by the Secretary of War as an agent to collect such records of the war, from the Confederate side, as could be obtained by gift or loan, and succeeded in securing copies of large and valuable collections from Confederate sources, and has had the co-operation of a great number of soldiers who figured during that conflict. From these papers, and a large number of others previously in the possession of the Department, thirteen volumes have been published by authority of Congress, and others will be issued from time to time. It is desirable on all accounts that these papers be made as complete as possible, for they will constitute the stores from which historians of the future must draw for their information and guidance, and of course they can not be complete if any important papers are withheld from the Government.

In a recent circular General Wright says: "While the most important large collections of Confederate

papers have been obtained, it is known that many very valuable papers are still in the hands of persons who have not yet been reached, and as these are important to a full and complete history of the Confederate Armies, it is hoped that none will be withheld, but that all parties having custody of such papers will submit them for the examination of the officer charged with the publication of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion.

"There are, doubtless, many valuable documents scattered over the country, and only preserved by the owners as souvenirs of their own parts in the war. These being in perishable form, and liable to be destroyed at any time, no delay should be allowed in placing them in the possession of the Government, where they will be put in print and preserved from the chances of destruction."

This appeal deserves the most hearty response from all actors in the events, the records of which it is sought to complete. Those who do not desire to part with their papers, but are willing to have their contents preserved and made public, can send them to General Wright to be used for the purpose indicated, with request that they may be returned, which request will be strictly complied with. Such packages should be addressed to General Marcus J. Wright, War Department, Publication Office of War Records, Washington, D. C.

It is not necessary to add any thing more to these few words, only we desire to suggest to those who have not given the matter much thought that the value of such papers as they may have in their private possession is many times multiplied if they will put them in the hands of the Government that they may be accessible to all who may desire to investigate the events of the war.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE following historical poem (suggested by seeing a red ear of corn, somewhat similar to a human foot, growing on the top of an Indian mound), is an effort to concentrate the salient elements of the numerous Indian poems and romances that adorn our literature.

John Filson Boone.

THE CRIMSON FOOT,

OR THE CORN-STALK OF KENTUCKY.

An hundred years have come and gone
Since that occurred I write upon;
For modern times are so pedantic
One must go back to be romantic—
Those days when roved, in war and ravage,
The dear, delightful, noble savage!

* * * * *

CANTO I.

He stood, enwrapped in gloom profound,
Upon the Dark and Bloody Ground.
His brow was high, his clothes were scant,—
For painting was his only pant;
His eye was like an eagle's glance,
His step was like a war-horse prance;

His hair streamed like a comet's tail,
His form was straight as a hickory rail;
His lip curled proudly to the breeze,
His teeth gleamed like piano-keys;
His tomahawk and bow and arrow
Were good, from buffalo to sparrow;
And then he sported, all the while,
The dearest, proud, sardonic smile;
His heart was bold, his soul was spunky,
He bore the name of "Punky-Wunky."

This Indian brave (as in all times
Such braves have done who get in rhymes)
He loved a maid, with love so true
He hardly knew just what to do!
Her brow was low, her hair was wavy,
Her hue was that of turkey gravy;
Her voice was soft and full of wiles,
And what she wore was sad, sweet smiles;
Her glance was tender as pale satin.
Her heart was soft as cotton-batting;
Her lips were red, her cheeks the same,
And "Pinky-Winky" was her name.

One morning in the leafy June,
When little birds attempt a tune,

Sweet Pinky-Winky and her beau
 Stood by the foaming Ohio;
 They pledged their troth by rubbing noses;
 And so, my Canto one, it closes.

CANTO II.

'Twas near the waters of Elkhorn
 (Where roves the racer and short-horn)
 That Punky-Wunky strode along,
 About the time named in this song,
 In search of fawns for dinner meat
 And fawn-skin shoes for Pinky's feet,
 Swinging his dreadful bow and arrow,
 And painted so 'twould freeze your marrow,
 Ha! why that sudden pause! and why
 That wild, romantic roll of eye?
 There! on a tender bluegrass bunch,
 A *white man* sat consuming lunch;
 The first pale face that e'er had found
 The famous Dark-and-Bloody Ground.

He wore an ancient coon-skin cap,
 Wherefrom hard times had worn the nap;
 An old tow shirt and buckskin breeches
 And one suspender were his riches;
 In short (to shorten down this rune)
 The gentleman was *Daniel Boone!*

Bold Punky raised his bow and shot,
 Then went for Daniel on the spot
 With such a horrid yell and bellow
 That Daniel thought 'twas the "Old Fellow,"
 And dropped his gun (my pen it blushes),
 And, seared to death, took to the bushes.

Long and bitter was the race;
 Now Dan, now Punky, gained a pace,
 Till, in despair, Dan could but choose
 To cast away his brogan shoes;
 Wherever Punky tripped and fell,
 And Daniel got off safe and well,
 Thus ended, sadly and unlucky,
 The first invasion of Kentucky.

Brave Punky, with the shoes for pillage,
 Sought sweetest Pinky at the village;
 With compliments well turned and neat
 He laid the trophies at her feet;
 And all the maidens had the blues
 For envying Pinky-Winky's shoes.

But Daniel's shoes, though fourteen inches
 On every side, gave Pinky pinches!
 What need to tell the woes that came,
 Since every girl goes through the same?
 Poor Pinky groaned, and writhed; but Pride
 Made her hold out; she drooped; she died.
 Ah! tender feet, a rest they found
 Upon the Happy Hunting-Ground!

They dug her grave hard by the place
 Of Dan's and Punky's fatal race,
 And o'er her breast, with mournful toil,
 They reared a mound of virgin soil.

CANTO III.

The fall and winter passed away,
 And earth again grew green and gay;
 Another summer waxed and waned,
 Another fall the branches stained;
 When, in a pensive mood, one day

Poor Punky-Wunky roved away
 (His grief had made him somewhat "drinky")
 To view the tomb of Pinky-Winky.
 And, lo! above the mound forlorn
 There stood one stock of Indian corn,
 Which, midst its tassels, bore a fruit—
 The likeness of poor Pinky's foot!
 While, round about its root, there rose
 That tender herb called po-ta-toes!
 And thus, tradition tells, were born
 Our po-ta-toes and Indian-corn.

Poor Punky-Wunky saw, too late,
 The cause of her untimely fate;
 And, full of hatred and remorse,
 Fell on her tomb, and was a corpse!

CANTO IV.

At midnight, oft, one still can hear
 A direful whoop ring on the ear;
 Then, like two scudding clouds, are traced
 The ghost of Dan, by Punky chased!

At pensive eve—that bluegrass farm—
 As lovers wander arm-in-arm,
 They point the place where Pinky lies,
 The victim of shoes, under size!

THE TRUE LEGEND OF PUNKY-WUNKY.

When my attention was called to the very romantic and, indeed, beautiful poem published above, I could not suppress my surprise that its learned author should so far jeopardize his reputation as an historian. The theme is one of the most beautiful and cherished legends of the Bluegrass region; and the real facts in all their pathetic simplicity are as jealously preserved there as are the historical facts of Pocahontas and John Smith by the first families of Virginia.

The rumor that a blood-red ear of corn resembling in shape a human foot was found on Pinky's mound, while, once prevalent, lacks credible confirmation. Indeed, the writer has it from reliable sources that it was nearer the shape of a boot-jack than of a foot; and the inference by which it is associated with the loves of Punky-Wunky and Pinky-Winky seems to him rather strained.

The writer has fallen, unintentionally no doubt, into another curious error. He evidently supposes that *Wunky* was the family name of the celebrated Piankeshaw warrior, *Punky*. Doubtless he has been misled by the fact that *Hunki*, so very similar in sound, was a patronymic, both among the Shawnees and the Wabissimees.

Now Colonel Durrett and Mr. Collins, the best authorities on these subjects, have long since shown that *Punky* means literally "The Wolf that Howls," while *Wunky* was merely an honorary title, about equivalent to the modern "Majah," "Jedge," or "Curnell."

I have myself composed something upon this tradition, which I am encouraged to submit as, at least, more historically accurate. I call it "An Idyll of the Indian, or a Breath from the Bluegrass."

I sit 'neath the dome of the maple,
 On the fragrant and velvety sward,
 And, wearied with long introspection,
 Bend my gaze, vaguely roving, abroad.

The bright landscape lengthens before me
In verdurous valley and hill,
Like the green, ridgy billows of ocean
By spell of enchantment made still.

From the walnut the gray-squirrel gossips,
From the buck-eye the blue-jay replies,
And, lazily stretched in the shadiest glades,
The short-horns are flapping the flies.

The zephyr's asleep on the bluegrass,
The dusk minnows creep in the stream;
I am thrilled with a wild, wierd fancy,
And go back to the past in my dream.

Now, the clouds of the past are uplifted,
Showing beauteous visions of yore,
As a mariner sees, far away, the green trees
And hues of an untrodden shore.

I view the grand wilderness breathing
The earlier instincts of earth;
I look upon man in his childhood
And the arts that he knows in their birth.

I watch the rude mound slowly rising,
As pious aborigines toil
To honor their fathers and mothers
With a suitable quantum of soil.

I see the clear waters of Elkhorn,
Untainted with sweet mash or swill,
Where there's not yet a mill by a dam site,*
Although excellent sites for a mill.

I gaze with delight on the village,
When the simple inhabitants meet;
Youths and maids clad in innocence only,
Quite *decolleté* down to their feet.

And I glow with a tender emotion,
And tears sympathetic escape,
For I know that these primitive darlings
Are my kin, on the side of the ape.

I note their uncultured vocations;
The hunter sets out for the chase,
The mother is spanking the papoose,
The maiden is painting her face.

The elders are silently smoking,
None telling the things that he thinks,
While the medicine man and the priest of the clan
Match mussel-shell chips for the drinks.

But, hark! from the gloom of the forest
Sounds a sudden and soul-chilling whoop,
And hungry for murder and honing for gore,
Comes a savage and hideous troop.

They bound on the shuddering victims;
I cover my eyes from the scene,
For fiendish brutality riots
Where all was so calm and serene.

The medicine man skips as fast as he can,
The priest to depart is inclined,
And indeed runs a mile, tho' an arrow the while
Has wounded him sorely behind.

The feeble meet death unresisting,
The bravest die fighting in vain;
And the few who are spared from the slaughter
May envy the fate of the slain.

But who is that brave with a mouth like a cave
And his hair hanging down to his toes,

His glance like the red forked lightning,
And a bright copper ring in his nose?

He wieldeth a merciless hatchet,
The knife drips with gore in his hand;
'Tis the terrible warrior Punky,
The Wunky, or chief of the band.

And who is that beautiful maiden,
Whose tender and delicate cheeks
Are tastefully spread with lilac and red,
And polka dots breaking the streaks?

'Tis Pinky, so gentle and lovely,
The Winky, or belle of the tribe;
Her beauty and grace, charms of manner and face,
Would require a whole week to describe.

It happens that Punky and Pinky
In the melee meet up with each other;
To heaven she's wildly appealing—
He has just finished killing her mother.

He forgets in a moment his fury,
She rallies as well from her fright;
They gaze and admire, and the fates each inspire
With a bad case of love-at-first-sight.

His love is so utterly utter,
His passion so truly too-too,
That it softens his terrible war-whoop
To the tenderest kind of a coo.

She casts down her eyes, he flings down his axe,
And they meet in a fervent embrace;
So warmly he kisses, he narrowly misses
Biting off a large part of her face.

'Tis the charmingest sight, as the lovers thus plight
Their faith in the midst of alarms,
To see the sweet dear, forgetting all fear,
Rest smiling and safe in his arms.

Safe! said I? Ah! no: for a brute draws his bow
To the head of the murderous dart,
And the keen, cruel flint makes a fatal imprint
On poor Pinky's susceptible heart.

One struggle and gasp, one last loving clasp,
One heart-throb, "a dull, heavy thud,"
And she lies dead and cold, on her Punky's broad
should-
Er, all bathed in her own gushing blood.

Then Punky, his rage and his grief to assuage,
Attacks his own gang with such vim,
That he slays every one—every son-of-a-gun—
E'en that fellow who skins up a limb.

Determined his Pinky's sad ghost to appease,
He cuts off the scalps of the slain,
And eats three or four of the bodies, or more,
That his love may be happy again.

Then a caper he flings, his death ditty sings,
Cries "Pinky! we'll soon be together;"
And hangs himself now from a hickory bough,
With a tough cord of buckskin or leather.

Ah! lovers so true, and ill-fated too,
How oft' I have wept on the spot!
Where Punky, self-strangled, departed
This world after Pinky was shot.

And oft' have the waters of Elkhorn
Heard maidens, who stroll on their brink,
Sigh, thinking how brief the engagement
Of poor little heart-punctured Pink!

Montezuma Doode.

*This is not original, but merely apposite.

MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF PERRYVILLE.

FROM THE

OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUCAC.

